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NEW ENGLISH REVIEW MAGAZINE

Illustrated

OLUME II. [NEW SERIES] NO. 2 FEBRUARY 1949

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Douglas Jerrold

AFRICAN MAN-POWER IN COMMONWEALTH DEFENCE
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RULE OF LAW IN GREECE
F. A. Voigt

UNO AND KASHMIR
William P. Barton

BAGHDAD
Alec Waugh

TORCELLO
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NEW ENGLISH REVIEW MAGAZINE

Edited by DOUGLAS JERROLD

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PUBLISHED BY THE NEW ENGLISH REVIEW LTD.
15, BEDFORD STREET, W.C.2
LONDON

FEBRUARY COMMENTARY

THE new year opens with a formidable list of new demands for wage increases in the nationalized industries. It has long been foreseen that these demands would raise a problem of extreme difficulty. Whatever the defects of private enterprise as seen by Socialists, it possesses one undisputed merit in the eyes of all governments; it provides a yardstick against which wage demands can be measured. The worker in competitive industry is entitled in ethics to as high a wage as the industry can pay and the function of his Trade Union is to see that he gets it. If wages are forced up by collective action to a point when the product of an industry ceases to be marketable because its price is too high, an independent arbitrator can be trusted to find out whether, by economies in operation or a reduction in the rate of profit, the wage standard can be maintained. If it cannot be, *cadit quaestio*. Since private *entrepreneurs* cannot tax the community in order to get funds to make good losses, the argument for higher or lower wages is carried on under private enterprise within a framework which makes argument sensible and agreement at least possible.

NATIONALIZED monopolies are in a very different position. There is nothing either in logic or in ethics which can determine what a bus driver, *qua* bus driver, ought to receive for his services, once you have abandoned the principle that the public who use his services determine the issue by their willingness to pay or not to pay larger fares. It is absurd to blame the bus drivers for asking for more; naturally they want as much as they can get. We may blame them, if we wish to indulge in the characteristic English vice of moral indignation, for the manner of their asking, but we must not ignore the reality of the problem.

Every workman under private enterprise knows that, if the industry in which he works is made insolvent, he will suffer *immediately*; most workers know that, if a privately owned industry is placed in so hazardous a position in which it cannot raise fresh capital, they will *ultimately* suffer. Private enterprise thus not only

provides the arbitrator with a yardstick by which to judge wage demands but tends to ensure that the demands themselves are not wholly unreasonable or that, if they are, they are not pressed to extreme lengths. Some people claim that the same should be true of workers in nationalized industries. The demand for nationalization comes, however, from those who deny that the remuneration of the worker should be limited by the price the public are willing to pay for the service he performs. The desire to escape from the yardstick for measuring wages which private enterprise provides has, indeed, provided the most popular argument for nationalization. What then is the new yardstick to be? The economists answer, of course, is that there is no alternative yardstick, that the wages of bus drivers and railwaymen must in the future as in the past be "what the traffic will bear" and that those who voted for nationalization under any contrary belief have been misled. But will the Socialists dare to give that answer? And if they do, will the workers in the newly nationalized industries accept it?

THE lack of moral leadership in the Socialist party is a grave handicap to the present government in this situation. The foundation doctrine of Socialism—from each according to his capacity, to each according to his needs—had a strong moral basis. The modern doctrine, from each according to his inclinations, to each according to his desires, is the most immoral doctrine ever preached, and it is a doctrine which has been preached from the housetops for more than a generation. The highest wage, the shortest hours, consistent with the public well being is and has for a long time been the policy of the Conservative party, but the popular appeal of this doctrine suffers from the fact that the Conservatives are regarded by many of the electors as judges in their own court. What is consistent with the public well being? The party supported by the capitalists claims, so the electors are told by the Socialist party, that it is for the capitalists to decide. And the capitalists will decide, so the Socialist argument runs on, that the wages paid and the hours worked must be such as to show fat profits for themselves. The Conservative party must face and defeat this propaganda if grave industrial unrest is to be avoided when it returns to power.

It is, of course, simple to demonstrate that the share of the product of industry taken by capital is negligible in amount. Of every pound received by private enterprise, capital takes on the average substantially less than a shilling—most company returns show a figure between threepence and sixpence. If the figures were adjusted to show the amount taken by private enterprise *in excess of the current rate of interest on government securities*, in excess, in other words, of what the state would have had to pay out in interest had it been the owner of the enterprise, the additional amount taken by the private capitalist would be infinitesimal even to-day, while, in bad years, private enterprise would be shown to take far less than a nationalized industry would have had to pay out in interest. The facts should be given far greater publicity than they receive, but statistics are not enough. The Conservative party have to persuade the people that they have a vision of the

society of the future which reflects a proper realization of the dignity of man. It is the belief, sincerely held by some millions of peoples, that the Conservatives are really only concerned to safeguard the profits and property of a limited class of well-to-do people, which has to be overcome. Yet we must not be tempted to overcome it by promising what we know we cannot perform.

THE only solution is the systematic definition of our long-range policy. The very fact that, in a desperate economic situation, because of the instability of the situation both at home and abroad, it is impossible for H.M. Opposition to announce their *programme*, makes the definition of their *policy* imperative. If we cannot say how quickly we shall reach our destination, or by what route, or what obstacles will have first to be removed before we begin to move forward, we can at least say what our destination is. This is all the more important because there are many indications that nationalization as such may play a very small part in the next Socialist programme and that the main effort of the party may be turned to the destruction of personal freedom, which can be as effectively destroyed, as Hitler proved, under state controlled private enterprise as under Socialism. There is a real danger, however, that the electorate may be persuaded, once nationalization is soft pedalled, that the Socialist policy is compatible with the preservation of the British way of life. This is not the case. The Socialist aim is to create not a property-owning but a dependent democracy and to leave what would become the economically independent minority with all the risks and none of the advantages of such independence by depriving them of freedom of choice in all important matters. The Conservative aim, the widest possible distribution of property, is inspired by the desire to see all men free from dependence not only where the employer is concerned but where the state is concerned. But how many people have ever heard this said, and, of those who have, how many believe it?

IF the Socialist policy at home is, in its long-term objectives only too painfully easy to understand, the Socialist foreign policy is quite unintelligible. There is a great deal to be said for getting back by our own efforts to a position where we can, if we feel it necessary, take an independent stand. It is the height of folly to get out of step with our allies when we cannot keep even the tiniest field force in being without their help. This is not to accept the criticism of those who denounced first the American loan and then Marshall Aid on the ground that it tied us to the United States. Without American help we should be starving, and starving people can no more have an independent foreign policy than can a bankrupt people. Our position in the world to-day is due to our neglect in the past—for more than a generation—of the fundamental axioms on which British foreign policy, owing to our peculiar geographical and economic position, should always be based. These principles were summarized by Mr. Gladstone in the form of a

résumé of the principles upon which he credited Lord Clarendon with having acted in the mangement of foreign affairs. Among these were "that England should keep entire in her own hands the means of estimating her own obligations upon the various states of facts as they arise; that she should not foreclose and narrow her own liberty of choice by declarations made to the Powers in their real or supposed interests, of which they would claim to be at least joint interpreters; that it is dangerous for her to assume alone an advanced and therefore an isolated position in regard to European controversies; that, come what may, it was better for her to promise too little than too much; that she should not encourage the weak by giving expectations of aid to resist the strong . . . (and) that she should seek to develop and mature the action of a . . . public or European opinion as the best standing bulwark against wrong, but should beware of seeming to lay down the law of that opinion by her own authority. . . ."*

The principles thus defined were accepted and defended both by Lord Salisbury and by Lord Rosebery.

THESE principles arose, in the economic sphere, from the vast disproportion between the totality of our interests and our limited resources, in the geographical sphere, from the divergent interest of the only great maritime power and the land empires, and in the political sphere from the divergent interests of a country whose sources of strength are spread over four continents as opposed, in the 19th century, to the four great European powers, and to-day to the closely knit aggregations of power represented by Russia and the United States. Our forgetfulness of their principles, our reckless assumption of the rôle of a continental power, with the limitless responsibilities attaching to that position, made it necessary to stake the whole of our power and dominion twice in a generation on the armies of allies whose ultimate aims were never, in the case of France or Russia, and certainly not, in 1918, in the case of the United States, the same as our own. Further, by promising in 1939 far more than we could perform, we made ourselves the leaders of the most reluctant and ill-fated coalition ever brought together, only to see it dissolve at the first blow. We are still, after the bitterest lesson ever meted out to a great power, practising the diplomacy of words instead of the diplomacy of deeds.

THAT Slav imperialism cannot be held indefinitely in check without the support of the Moslem world, that modern weapons make it necessary to place the military base of the Western powers, in the event of a third world war, in Africa instead of Great Britain, and that for this reason the Middle East is still a vital British interest—all this is true. It is not true, however, in foreign policy, although it largely is in home affairs, that where there's a will there's a

* Morley; *Life of Gladstone*, II, p. 316. Quoted by Mr. Algernon Cecil in "Facing the Facts in Foreign Policy." (*Eyre & Spottiswoode*, 1941)

way. Indeed, one root cause of the disasters of our times—and the first necessity is to realize that we have experienced not triumph but disaster—has been that foreign policy has been and is being conducted by able and sincere men whose whole training and experience has been gained in narrow fields of domestic politics. The affairs of a great municipality or a great trade union can in fact be bent to the will of a determined man by conscientious and skilful effort directed to winning public support. This is wholly untrue of world affairs. At home the eloquent proclamation of a policy is the first necessary step. In foreign affairs to proclaim a policy before you have ensured precisely and effectively how to implement it is to ensure that it will never be implemented. In foreign affairs in general, and, in particular, in the Near East, in Greece, in Spain and in Indonesia, British foreign policy must to-day have regard to what is possible, not to what is in our own view ideally desirable. Our aim must be to enlist the support of existing forces in defence of the world's vital interest, which is the preservation of freedom against aggression.

IF we wish to survive, we must realize the folly either of tieing the hands of our friends and allies when it comes to securing or preserving order and the authority of government within their own territories, or of attempting to subvert the authority of established governments which are not only ready but anxious to co-operate with us. In the case of foreign governments we must always have regard to their aims, as they affect the interests of the world order, not to their political complexion. There is no form of government which carries with it a guarantee of good intentions. We have had to fight in turn the liberal revolution in France, imperialist Germany and national-socialist Germany; we are to-day faced with the threats not of imperialistic capitalism but of the communist revolution. All these regimes have been equally guilty of aggression.

H.M. Opposition will be forced sooner rather than later to place their view of these matters on record. They will surely remember what the present government persistently forget—that cheers from the voters at home are no substitute for allies abroad. It is a fact, and it is useless to deny it, that you can get louder cheers on any platform in England by denouncing Spanish reaction, Dutch imperialism, Greek ruthlessness or the intransigence of the Israeli government than by detailing any constructive scheme for European defence against the urgent menace of aggression from Russia. But the cheers, if we insist on winning them, will be soon drowned by the noise and thunder of a third world war and those who thought fit to ensure catastrophe for the sake of a little easy popularity will be overwhelmed in the cataclysm.

There is yet another lesson in foreign policy which we must learn if we wish to regain our old influence in world affairs. We must learn the need for consistency of judgment. If we decided—foolish though it would be—to withhold diplomatic

representation from all non-Parliamentary governments, the Spanish people would regret our action but they would understand it, and, in a sense, respect it, just as a Christian respects the faith of a sincere Mohammedan or the scepticism of a sincere agnostic. We are very wrong, however, in thinking that we can balance our backwardness in making any protest against the religious persecution in Hungary by a fresh outburst of abuse of General Franco. Such action brings us no credit with the moralists but does great discredit to our reputation for intelligence. Since we claim to share with France the leadership of Western Europe in the fight against communist aggression, doubts as to our intelligence may well prove as fatal to-day as they did in 1938 to any effective joint action in Europe.

SOME government supporters are inclined as a platform case to make much of the standardization which the nationalized industries intend to introduce. It would be a black outlook indeed if, to set against the crippling disadvantages of nationalization, there was no single redeeming feature and some standardizing, *e.g.*, of locomotives, will undoubtedly speed up re-equipment. There is, of course, not the slightest reason to suppose that this standardization would not have taken place anyway. Existing circumstances (which did not exist in the 'thirties), to-day require it. It is worth while reminding ourselves, however, that nearly every step in standardization implies a loss of amenities. We cannot all have what we like, but fewer people to-day are getting what they like, *e.g.*, to eat and drink, than ever before. Civilization proceeds from the simple to the complex, not *vice versa*. It is the convict and the conscript, not the free citizen, who wears standardized clothes, sleeps in a standardized bed, exercises at standardized hours and has his light put out for him at the time most convenient for the standardized routine of the prison or the barracks. We will accept standardization in so far as it will contribute to our solvency, and thus to regaining our freedom, but we must not be expected to like it; nor should we encourage other people to do so. It is all part and parcel of the move from the home to gaol which only politicians call progress but which Gilbert Chesterton better described as the descent into a world in which

> ". . . those who once to harvest-home would come
> Expect no harvest and possess no home".

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

AFRICAN MAN-POWER IN COMMONWEALTH DEFENCE

By F. A. S. CLARKE*

THE author of an article in December number of *The New English Review Magazine* suggested five steps which should be taken to organize our available man-power "to obtain the strength which this country must both have and show if early war is to be avoided".† The object of the present writer is to suggest a sixth step, namely, the greater use of our African man-power, and to refer to some other relevant aspects of the problem without going into technical details.

We are not only vulnerable in Europe. In addition to the short and long-term commitments arising from our policy and the aftermath of the war, there is the constant responsibility for the defence of the Commonwealth which involves:—

(a) Keeping open our world-wide sea and air communications.

(b) The maintenance of garrisons abroad and a striking force or strategic reserve. The Army plays an essential part in both of these; and, it may be added, unless we are successful in maintaining the communications, the defence of the main base—the United Kingdom—will be impossible.

Our regular forces are inadequate under existing conditions because of their many commitments and slow recruiting. Moreover, we are weaker by the loss of the Indian divisions which rendered such excellent service in the past. Even should the present difficulty of obtaining recruits be overcome, the ceiling imposed by the overall shortage of British man-power for economic needs, as well as by financial considerations will limit the number of regulars available for the Army. Short-service conscripts are insufficiently trained and are otherwise unsuitable for service in distant stations; moreover, it is waste of time and effort to transport them to and fro to serve a few months abroad. We need highly trained regular troops for the manifold duties of Imperial defence of which, in view of the Communist menace, internal security is of great importance. The question is how are these troops to be provided.

† See "Defence, The Man-Power Aspect" by John Boyd-Carpenter, M.P., December, 1948.

RECENT events have weakened our position in the Middle East, but this region still remains of pre-eminent strategic importance owing to its geographical situation, and as a source of oil fuel. Our valuable bases in Egypt and Palestine have gone, and with them our real control of the Suez Canal. Nevertheless, we must, in conjunction with allies, be in a position to react in the Middle East to protect the Commonwealth's vital interests. For this a base is essential—and Africa must now become this base, and also furnish new links in the chain of communications. Fortunately vast areas in Africa belong to member states of the Western Union whose co-operation, together with that of Portugal, is essential to increases in production and the improvement of communications.

It follows that the British Colonies in East and West Africa are of greater strategic importance than ever and, owing to their existing economic value and immense potentialities, they are bound to become a big factor in world affairs. There appears to be little doubt that our economic recovery, and the righting of the world unbalance, will mainly hinge upon the rapid and extensive development of our African resources. For this reason, as well as the changing

Brigadier F. A. S. Clarke was a Commander and a Staff Officer in West Africa. He served in both the First and Second World Wars.

conditions in the Middle East and the shortage of British man-power, it is hardly an exaggeration to state that our future as a great Power depends on the use we make of the economic and strategic possibilities of our possessions in tropical Africa.

AS the importance of the African colonies increases, so will the necessity to make adequate provision for their defence. The safety of these possessions depends primarily on command of the sea, but there are three other considerations which affect the problem. First, their geographical position in regard to possible enemy land bases, and the protection afforded to the West African colonies by the Sahara; secondly, our relations with France, and the strength of the French Empire in Africa; and thirdly, their local resources and man-power. There is no need to enlarge on the naval aspect. The implications of the geographical position are self-evident, and a glance at an atlas shows that transcontinental railways in Central Africa, necessary for economic and strategic purposes, can only be constructed with the co-operation of Belgium or Portugal. But the problem of defending the four West African colonies, separated from each other, and from East Africa, by French territory, is much influenced by our relations with that Power. In 1940, at a time when the raw materials they produced were essential to our conduct of the war, they were practically at the mercy of Vichy France, having been denuded of their regular troops to oppose the Italians in East Africa. In spite of strenuous efforts it was many months before new African units could be raised, equipped and trained, and we may consider ourselves lucky we were able to do this without interference. Finally, the African colonies are a source of man-power, much of it primitive and good fighting material. The population of the West African group is approximately twenty-seven million, whilst East Africa, including Northern Rhodesia, has about fifteen millions.

The development of tropical Africa and the southward trend of the Commonwealth strategic centre of gravity may well be the cause of additional defence problems, besides tending to intensify those which already exist. As India increased in wealth and importance, the Army in India grew from a few companies to a large and efficient force, often employed in the defence of the country outside its borders. The same factors which led to this growth, and the general world situation, now necessitate similar action in Africa. But, in considering the defence of the African colonies, we have to bear in mind the shortage of British man-power, our commitments elsewhere, and the unsuitability of tropical Africa for British units, especially those with a proportion of conscripts. The solution of the problem lies in the expansion of our existing African forces into balanced formations of all arms.

WE used African troops in the War of 1914-18 in East and West Africa, and divisions of African troops fought with considerable distinction against the Italians in East Africa and the Japanese in Burma during the last war. But the formations were on a temporary basis, expanded from small peace establishments with considerable difficulty, and to which they have now reverted. The long-service African can be made into a very keen, smart, well-disciplined and loyal soldier who takes a pride in the Army and in himself. Moreover, in the last war he developed a mechanical aptitude which was astonishing. The French have for many years maintained large contingents of West African troops, and have habitually employed them outside their colonies.

In his despatch on the operations in Malaya, 1941-42, the G.O.C. made the point that specially trained troops, accustomed to its conditions, are required in jungle warfare, and added that, "when danger threatens it is not sufficient to send at the last minute inexperienced and semi-trained troops". In the existing disturbed state of the world there is always the possibility that we may have to undertake serious operations in jungle or bush in various parts of the Empire or its confines, particularly in South-East Asia, and the writer ventures the opinion that well-trained African troops would have been extremely useful in Malaya during the past few months.

THOROUGH training and acclimitization to bush warfare can only be gained by troops stationed in that type of country. It is true there are varieties of bush or jungle, and that the African brought up in the orchard bush of Nigeria, for instance, has to become accustomed to the African tropical forest or Burmese jungle; he will, however, do so much more quickly than the product of an industrial town as he is used to moving in bush and is not frightened of it. The African, too, will stand the climate better. There is, thus, a very good reason why we should maintain a striking force of Africans, specialists in bush warfare, ready to move at short notice to wherever they are required.

The permanent existence of a well trained and properly equipped native army in British Africa would not only offset to some extent the loss of the Indian divisions, but would be an important factor in the maintenance of world peace and our position as a first-class Power. The rôle of these forces would primarily be the defence of our African possessions, and secondly the provision of an expeditionary force as suggested above. The first includes the local defence and internal security of the Colonies, the manning of costal batteries and anti-aircraft artillery, as well as the provision of garrisons for defended ports. The formations earmarked for the expeditionary force would be used in certain circumstances to supplement the static troops by providing mobile striking forces in Africa; in others to furnish a contingent for service in topical areas outside Africa.

AN important task which could also be undertaken by African units is the relief of British troops in small tropical stations where they tend to deteriorate owing to the climate, boredom and lack of proper training facilities. It would be better from every point of view to concentrate them in stations where they can train in formations of the striking force or strategic reserve, which would thus be increased in strength. It must be realized, however, that African troops are not suitable for operations or garrision duty in Europe or elsewhere with a similar or colder climate.

African troops need a small cadre of British officers and N.C.Os. for each unit, but these must be of the very best or the results will be disappointing. Such cadres are not plentiful at present, and the existing resources in this respect would be better expended in African expansion than in staffing a foreign legion of problematical value, as was suggested in the article under reference. We have excellent material available in the Colonial Empire, and from Nepal —men who have been tested and not found wanting, who are a credit to any army, and upon whose whole-hearted loyalty we can rely.

THE satisfactory expansion of the African forces will not be achieved by the sort of planning—overlooking the essentials—we have seen in Tanganyika in connection with the much publicized "Ground-Nut Scheme". In order to ensure efficiency, and to avoid setbacks, it is necessary that the organization of expansion and the administration of the new units be based on experience, not on wishful thinking, and that recruiting be carried out in conjunction with the civil adminstration by military officers who know the country. It would be a mistake to create an entirely new force. The existing units have great traditions, and a record of faithful services extending over half a century. The necessary additions could be made to the old regiments by reconstituting war-time units; many of the men who served in the last war would probably be only too glad to rejoin.

To sum up, increased African forces could provide for

(a) the adequate defence of our African possessions;

(b) an expeditionary force for warfare under jungle conditions in any part of the world, and

(c) the relief of British troops in certain tropical stations who would go to increase the strategic reserve.

There is little doubt that by efficient expansion of the African forces, we can strengthen our world position and, at the same time, apply real economy in the employment and distribution of the available British manpower.

BAGHDAD

By ALEC WAUGH

Illustrated by Ruth and Helen Hoffman

A FRIEND of mine was recently offered a job in the Middle East. "It'll mean living in Baghdad," he said. "I've heard that it's a grubby spot. You were there, weren't you, in the war? What would you say about it?"

I have rarely felt myself better qualified to give information. I was stationed in Baghdad for over thirty months, from September, 1942, to June, 1945. I was serving on the staff of G.H.Q., Persia and Iraq Force, but, as a member of an intelligence organization, I was allowed to wear mufti and was encouraged to mix with the civilian population, British and Iraqi. If there is any place that I can claim to know as I know my pocket it is Baghdad. "Baghdad," I told my friend, "makes an appalling first impression. Anyone forced to spend a week there would hate every minute of it. Yet personally if I had to spend the rest of my life in exile from New York and London I would as soon spend it there as anywhere. It is a place that grows on you."

Why it should, why it does, is not too easy to explain. Certainly no city in the world could make a worst first impression. Whether you arrive by air from Cairo or train from Istanbul, or across the desert by convoy from Damascus, that first impression is the same. Heat and glare beat up at you from a mud-caked road down whose centre runs a low hedge of oleanders, their pale pink blossoms drooping and discoloured under a film of dust. On either side of you are drab one-storied villas. On one side a large ceremonial arch, the entrance to a projected park, stands on the

edge of a wilderness of small garden plots and discarded vehicles, symbols of abandoned enterprise. A cluster of dingy cafés is crowded with long-skirted Arabs, their heads wrapped in long black-and-white handkerchiefs. They are seated on rectangular wooden settees, sipping at their coffees while a radio deafeningly blares out either a scream of oratory or one of those cacophonous oriental dance tunes that always seem about to reach a rhythm but never do. Everything is shabby; there is a complete absence of bright colours.

From the broad, brown Tigris rises a cloying smell of drains and mud as your car swings to the right into the town's main thoroughfare, Al Rashid Street. Cut originally by the Germans for military purposes during the first world war through a labyrinth of narrow streets, Al Rashid Street runs from the north gate to the south, lined by a succession of one-roomed, one-windowed shops, tastelessly decorated with shoddy goods, interrupted every twenty yards or so by a café or hotel, cinema or larger store. Part of the pavement is roofed under a colonnade of pillars, imprisoning the air and rendering it more pungent. The roadway is thronged with all manner of strange and decrepit vehicles. Along the pavement small boys are propelling heavily laden donkeys. Old, bent men are shuffling at a kind of trot under the weight of bundles of brushwood and articles of furniture that they carry knotted upon their backs. Arabs in long-skirted robes move with sedate tread, telling their yellow beads. Westernized government officials in ill-cut European clothes are briskly hurrying to their offices. Voices are raised. Horns are honking. The thermometer stands, in the shade, at 110 degrees. Over it all hangs an indescribably medleyed smell of drains and unwashed bodies and heavily seasoned foods. I refuse to believe that any main street in the world can, in terms of dirt and smells and heat and noise, compare with Al Rashid Street, Baghdad. And it is here in this street that the city's hotels are set. The short-term visitor will wrinkle his nose distastefully and, as he unpacks his luggage, decide to make his visit brief.

Nor at a first glance would the life that is led there by the British and European residents appear at all attractive. The climate of Iraq is one of the most trying in the world. The hot season lasts from the middle of April to the end of October. The shade temperature during that period will rarely drop below 100 degrees. At times it will top 120 degrees. Little rain falls between late March and mid-November. The only change from the sequence of cloudless days is an occasional dust storm. There is no escape from the heat during the summer months. The elaborate system of irrigation, that since ancient times had made the country prosperous and its cities beautiful, was destroyed by Mongol hordes in the middle of the thirteenth century, and Iraq is now a flat waste of desert, girdled between Turkey and the Persian Gulf by the green belt of date groves that fringe the Tigris and Euphrates.

EAST, west, north, south, whichever way you go, it is the same. There is no hill station. There is no equivalent for the Londoner's week-end in the country. There is no "getting to the sea." For week after week, month after month, you swelter in the plains. It is not surprising that tempers get frayed long before the summer is at an end. Nor is the winter particularly pleasant. The houses and offices are constructed against heat, not cold. And draughts blow under ill-fitting doors and through sun-warped window frames. Half an hour of rain reduces the countryside to a swamp. The roads become impassable, and you can hardly keep your feet on the greasy pavements. Climatically, the only pleasant period are the six weeks of the spring and the six weeks of the autumn.

Nor do the conditions of social life provide much variety from the monotony of the climate. Most of the Western inhabitants are British. The United States Embassy supports a certain degree of state, but other countries are represented by a consul. No country except Great Britain has large trade interests. And the British community itself is small, being composed of the Embassy

staff and members of such ancillary bodies as the British Council, British technical advisers to the various Iraqi ministries, employees of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, and, lastly, representatives of trading companies. Everyone in the place is there for a specific purpose. And every visitor comes there for a specific reason. There is no tourist season. It is hard to see why there ever should be one. Only to the archæologist does Iraq offer anything that is unique. The British community is consequently only large enough to support two clubs: the New British Club, which is in the town and which consists of a bar, a billiard room, and a large lounge to which ladies are admitted; and the Alwiyah, which is a mile or so down the river and which has a swimming pool, tennis and squash courts.

Round these two clubs the social life of the town is centred, adapting itself to a seasonal routine. The New British Club, being an indoor club, is patronized mainly in the winter. In the summer, life is centred round the lawns and swimming pool of the Alwiyah. Thursdays and Saturdays are the big Baghdad nights; Thursday because Friday is the Moslem Sunday and many shops and offices do not open then. It is on Saturdays and Thursdays that the residents throw their parties. On Thursdays in the summer there is an open-air cinema show at the Alwiyah and on Saturdays there is dancing on the lawn. In the winter there are monthly Saturday-night dances at the New British Club, and on the following morning after church "everyone" will gather there for ninety minutes of gin and limes before going home to a heavy curry tiffin. Office hours are arranged to suit the season, so that in winter you can take your afternoon exercise between two and four and in the summer between four and six.

You could safely say, indeed, that according to the time of year you would know what any friend of yours was doing at any given moment of the day. There are only two or three places that he could be, only two or three things he could be doing. It is very definitely small-town life, and, because of the climate, small-town life under the dreariest and most difficult conditions. Even so it is a friendly, congenial atmosphere that has been created there.

In part, this is due to Iraq's particular political and historical position. For Iraq, though definitely a British sphere of influence, has never been considered a part of the Empire; there was never any idea of incorporating it in the Empire with dominion status. British troops occupied Mesopotania during the first world war, but when Great Britain was given the League of Nations' mandate, she accepted it with the definite intention of returning it—as she has done—as soon as possible.

BEFORE the first world war Great Britain had very few cultural and economic links with the country. Under the Turks the vilayets or provinces of Monsul, Baghdad, and Basra were neglected sections of the Ottoman Empire. In 1918 Iraq was, both culturally and economically, extremely backward, and British technicians and advisers went there in the 'twenties to reorganize the finances of the country and its public services on modern lines, and to train the young Iraqi to take over as soon as possible "the running of his own show." This has meant that from the very start a large section of the British community in Baghdad—and next to the Embassy staff the most influential section—has been working in close co-operation with Iraqis.

This fact has had a big effect on the social pattern of Baghdad life. I have never lived anywhere abroad where it was possible to mix more freely, more easily, and under pleasanter conditions with the real owners of the country. Most of the prominent Iraqis, certainly the younger ones, speak good English. Many of them have been trained in England. A number of Christian Iraqis and their wives are members of the Alwiyah Club.

The majority of Iraqis are Moslems and do not, therefore, introduce their acquaintances to their womenfolk, but the opportunities for men to meet one another are numerous. In my own mess Iraqi officers and officials were frequent guests. Freemasonry flourishes, and British and Iraqis belong to the same lodges. Most specialists

and technicians find their opposite numbers. I found, for instance, that there was in Baghdad a branch of the P.E.N. Club. Its members were all Iraqis. Every three weeks or so there would be a gathering at one or another of the members' houses. We would meet at about six when the heat of the day was lessening. We would be welcomed with coffee and lemonade, alcohol being rarely offered in a Moslem country. Stiff-backed settees and chairs would be arranged in a circle on the lawn or, if it was winter, indoors against the walls. One of the members would read a paper in Arabic lasting for forty minutes or so. The Iraqi next to me would whisper explanations. After the paper there would be a discussion. The atmosphere was very much that of a college literary society.

During the discussion and the last part of the paper you became conscious of active preparations about the kitchen. The supper at the end of each gathering was of Trimalchionian dimensions. A long buffet table would be piled high with fish and chicken, with a sheep cooked whole and stuffed with rice, with various salads and round cakes of bread. There would be a second table laden with bowls of fruit. There would be no cutlery. You ate with your right hand. At the end of the meal a servant would bring you soap and a bowl of water, and sometimes a bottle of scent to wipe on your hands and wrists. Immediately after supper the party would disperse. When I came to leave Baghdad, I felt that I had made as many Iraqi as I had made English friends there.

This close co-operative relationship between the British and Iraqis has undoubtedly given a corporate, integrated quality to Baghdad life, has created a happy emotional and mental atmosphere, and by doing so has considerably helped the British community to defy the climate.

The very difficulty of that job has indeed contributed to its success; there is between the various members of the community something of the bond that unites shipwrecked sailors. Bound by that tie, the various members of the community do their best to be friendly to each other, to make life as pleasant as possible for one another.

MOST English games would seem to require a setting of green grass and trees, particularly cricket. There is no grass in Iraq, and in addition to the date palm only the grey-green eucalyptus. Cricket has to be played on matting stretched over tightly rolled, sun-baked mud, with the desert on every side. Yet even so something had been recaptured of the atmosphere of a village match in England. Round the oval enclosure of the Casual's ground oleanders have been planted, and in front of the green-painted pavilion a strip of rough grass has been watered carefully; edging it is a narrow flower bed.

The residents do their best, too, to make the framework of their existence cosy. Traditional Arab houses are two-storied, built about a court in whose centre there is a fountain. A balcony runs round the second storey, off which small bedrooms open. There is a flat roof on which beds are set out in summer. There is often a cellar which is used as a cool living-room during the hot weather. It is a type of architecture suitable to the climate. The modern Baghdad house, however, is built on a European pattern. And the majority of British residents live a mile or so from the centre of the city in large airy bungalows which they keep cool by sun blinds and tight-closed windows. They furnish their houses tastefully with Persian rugs and bright Kurdish curtains and small Persian paintings upon ivory. Servants are easily obtained. There is no scarcity of food, and hospitality is deployed on a large scale. Dinner parties are for the most part formal, with the women in long skirts. And there is something very picturesque about a dinner table in a garden under the stars.

Great care is taken over the tending of the gardens. The spring period when flowers are in bloom is brief, so brief that it might not seem worth bothering over, but most Baghdad gardens during those few weeks provide a welcome and refreshing pageant of vivid colours.

I had an Iraqi friend who acquired and walled-off a quarter of an acre or so of

desert and planted every inch of it with flowers. At one end he built a summer-house and during March and April he would give elaborate lunch parties, with a string orchestra and a dancing girl. Nothing could have been less appropriate against a background of bright spring flowers than an obese Arab woman in advanced middle-age, with heavily painted face, her undulating body encased from neck to wrists and ankles in tight black satin; but I shall never forget the delight that that garden gave me. For so many months I had been starved for colour.

It is, of course, because you are so starved there for so many things that you appreciate so acutely the good moments when they come. That sounds, I know, a bromidic copybook maxim. But looking back over my thirty-odd months there, I can recall more good moments than I can over a great many more dramatic and romantic periods. They are all little things that I remember, sensations and sights and sounds personal and peculiar to Baghdad—the first night in spring when it is warm enough to take your bed out on to the roof; the luminous sheen that settles at sunset on the Tigris; the sound of Deanna Durbin's singing carried from an open-air cinema across the river; the vivid scarlet that for a few moments, and a few moments only, slashes the sky at dawn; the cold bitter taste of beer on a parched tongue after an evening's cricket; the waking at four on a summer morning to the thought that in ten minutes there'll be a breeze from the north and it'll be cool enough to pull on a sheet; the mosques and minarets of the old city, ochre-brown under the heavy sunlight; the golden domes of Kadhimain. There are so many little things like that to remember gratefully.

There is, too, on all sides, the pattern of local customs—the weeks, for example, when everyone you pass will be chewing at a lettuce; the period in midsummer when the Tigris sinks, and the *Babhdadis* plant with vegetables the mudbanks of the river, and islands rise in midstream above its surface; the period in mid-September when the river rises and the planters scurry out to gather in the vegetables before the islands are submerged—customs that are intrinsic to the city's life, that have an eternal quality, in which are incorporated a surviving essence of Baghdad's history and its changed fortunes. A lone Arab riding his horse along the Bund, singing; a Bedouin putting down his mat, prostrating himself in his midday prayers; a group of small boys on donkeys, transporting earth; the boatmen calling to one another at night across the river are linked to immemorial traditions.

Nothing is left now of the old city of the caliphs; its bright-tiled palaces have been sacked, the waterways that fed its gardens have been destroyed. Even its site is changed. Yet something of its spirit lingers on in the habits and customs of its people. I shall always be more than a little homesick for Baghdad.

TORCELLO*

By SEAN O'FAOLAIN

IT had been hot in Turin, and it had been hot in Genoa, and it had been hot on the Riviera, and it had been hot as the hobs of hell in Milan, and in Verona I had to get a new suit of clothes because by this time I had lost half a stone and my trousers were lapping across my middle. (I remember how the tailor groaned "*Niente pancia!*" as every trousers he produced swayed around me like a sail in full wind.) But in Venice that August people cursed the heat. They said "*E'ésagerato!*"; and the padrone of our hotel, who was a Roman and should have been used to heat, declared every day that if the storm did not come to-morrow he would pack up and go off to the hills and abandon us all to blazes. All day long and every day I could feel the sweat trickling down my ribs, and the men's shirts were dark across the shoulder-blades. Every day the naked golden lady with the shield on the little orb of the Dogano showed that the air—I cannot say wind—was puffing from the direction of Damascus. It was the moist heat of the scirocco.

If you went out on the Piazza after lunch it was as deserted as an architect's drawing; nothing but the black-hooded tripod of the photographer in the centre of the square and the pigeons pecking. The hundreds of tables in front of Florian's and Quadri's were bare; the seats deserted. At that hour you crept behind the awnings under the arches and drank spremutas, and sweated them out again. I am thinking of the day I shivered.

"Freddo?" Rebecca asked in astonishment.

"Just the sweat creeping down my belly."

Rebecca lowered her swarthy lids. It was too easy to shock the Fair Infidel, as I used to call her.

"Why didn't we go to the Lido?" she asked sadly. She is sad as a Russian.

"Torcello?" I suggested. Her smile showed her lovely, long Byzantine teeth, one of them flecked with lipstick.

THE barometer on the campanile showed thirty-five, which in Venice is worse than forty in Rome. Underneath it a dog lay stretched as if dead, in brief shadow. A country priest appeared beside us, one hand fanning himself with his black beaver hat, the other wiping his neck with a blue handkerchief. He had just been showing the Basilica d'Oro to his flock of peasants. They were now strewing themselves on the stone benches under the arches of the Ducal Palace. Their fat, corked shoes were kicked off; their big, veined feet cooling on the stone; their dark bundles pillowing their white heads. I said, "Your people are all old?" He smiled and said, longingly, "The young ones are gone swimming to the Lido". He waved his blue handkerchief towards the dog. "The animals are wise, they don't stir." But the Lido swarms like Coney Island and if you go there later than nine in the morning you cannot hire a front-line box; and if I lay naked in bed, behind closed shutters, panting like a dog, the sheets would warm under my body and the canal outside would smell like a goat.

The only refuge on these absurd days is to go out to the smallest islands, and the nearest of these is Torcello. There is, at least, natural grass to lie on, the one thing you miss in Venice. (When I said this to my friend Freilich, who supplies ships and yachts with stores, he laughed: "In Venice you buy grass. If you like I'll sell you some?") True, some of the palaces have "gardens", and down by the arsenal there is some horrible, balding, dusty, moth-eaten stuff misnamed grass. Baron Corvo, that mad, sad, bad, like Byron, poor and unfortunate child of genius and misery had played snowballs down there one winter with his boy-girl Zelda.

* *From "A Summer in Italy": to be published in 1949 by Eyre and Spottiswoode.*

TORCELLO

TO get the steamer for Torcello you may go by vaporetto along the Grand Canal to the Ca d'Oro and then walk by the Rio di San Felice to the Fondamente Nuovo; or you can go all the way by gondola; or you can go by gondola from the Rialto for the joy of passing San Giovanni e Paulo again (and yet again): with the Campo San Vio it is the most attractive campo in Venice. But it is more rewarding to walk. So we walk the whole way through the labyrinth of slums that lie between the Rio dei Gesuiti and the Ospedale Civile whose canal is supposed to waft you the best smells in the city. We walk and walk, and get lost, and Rebecca droops (it is her forte), and trails her right leg, which I think must be a millimetre longer than the left, and the winding stews get more and more narrow and stinking and stifling, and it seems to me that we have gone astray until we begin to pass little workshops with men chipping away at histrionic angels in white marble, and we know we are all right when we pass the office of the Cemetery Board, for, sure enough, light appears at the end of the *calle* and we see blue water, and then the long brick wall of the cemetery island of San Michele stands on its own reflection out on the lagoon. Or not "stands", sways rather in its own miasma.

Across the still water at the end of the quay there is the tumble-down house called the Casa degli Spiriti. The line of mainland, far away, on the horizon, is a blur of haze. The lagoon is unbreathed. Its surface is unbroken except for a crooked pile here and there.

IN the steamer I sit behind an old Franciscan priest sweating in his ponderous brown frock. Each grey hair on the back of his neck is beaded. His robes are a vapour-bath. He has been shopping in Venice and hugs a great basket with a hinged wooden lid locked by a key large enough for a cathedral door. The steel roof of the steamer holds the sun. We stick our heads out of the windows to get air and watch a funeral floating by to the cemetery, the mourners hooded, the gondolas hooded, the favourite pink gladioli strewn lavishly on the coffin, the relatives clutching each other in their happy grief. Then big barges pole patiently or row, inch by inch, to Murano. The little sandbanks float by, covered with a bloom like a grape, the lovely lavender-coloured weed they call *Roscani di palude*, and tiny islands that still look like the lazaretti they certainly once were, or powder magazines, or jails, or a fisherman's tiny kingdom, come and go, and to the north we see coral Costanziaca that is piled with the bones they exhume from San Michele, and more tiny islets, homes for sea-crabs, like San Pietro and Ammiano, and to the south there is San Francesco nel Deserto whose black cypresses against the smudge of the Lido still farther south suggest deepest, coolest shade. I ask the Franciscan if it really is deserted, and he smiles back and nods.

"Nobody lives there?"

"*Nessuno*."

"Nobody at all?"

He grins, "*I lucertoli*".

It seems, indeed, not only deserted by man but disjoined from the very sea itself, from this world, from life, a Fata Morgana whose self, and whose inverted self are far less real than all this space and spread of light through which we hiss hushingly towards that even more unlikely cube of a cathedral campanile in the distance, towering from an islet that we know to have been crumbling into a like desert condition for a thousand years.

THE steamer noses into a vacant channel of mud through a marshland that suggests bayous and a delta. And what, in fact, are all these lagoons and islands but the effect of the invisible juncture of rivers and waves on a vast spread of mud washed over aeons from the Alps and the Appenines—an intricate, reticulated juncture well known to every gondolier, pilots of the hidden channels, revealed to us others only when the fallen tides reveal, between more and more islets, the submarine streams? Some hot night let the water tempt you to drop over the side of a gondola, five, six or seven miles from the mainland of Venice. You will stand ankle-deep on the softly powdered Appenines.

One may nicely measure this flatness by following with the eye a string of telegraph wires stretched level as a builder's twine across the marshes towards Mestre and the haze of the Euganean hills, and see why the Venetian tides, so vastly spread, like the last wavelets on a sandy beach, sink and rise so lightly as to be unobserved by any but a practised eye.

At the wooden jetty only we two get out. The steamer circles and hisses away. The heat descends. There is not a speck of shadow. We see a vineyard, a canal, a grassy path beside it, and an old man with a *sandalo*—a pinnace shaped like a crude sandal, not fit to be called a gondola—willing to row us anywhere. But to where is there to row?

EVEN on the most unbearable days there is a little breeze on Torcello; imperceptible; still, a motion of the air. Or is this, too, an illusion of light and space? For the mauve tamarisk droops heavily and the clustering *mignone* has not enough breath to blow its purple trumpets. Yet, the walnut leaves crinkle and the water of the channels is not smooth; although when one slips into it, for it is too uninvitingly muddy to dive, the water is far from cool, and the mud into which your foot sinks is warm as at a spa. (The rivers of northern Italy are muddy all the way back into Lombardy.) But sometimes the breeze does miraculously fan, as to-day it fans cool and steady; and then it is heaven to lie and snooze in the shadowed grass under the immensely tall tower of Santa Maria Assunta; or, at least, it seems immensely tall when the pink stalk floats over one's head into the blue sky among the whirling swallows, or up towards tiny clouds whose faint motion makes the tower lean slowly over to one side.

Torcello—everyone says it, I have no option but to say it again—was the mother of Venice. The phrase is inevitable and inaccurate. Torcello preceded Rialto, which preceded Venice: that is all it means. The people who settled on the actual island of modern Venice came from Aquileia, a place of lagoons near Grado near the Gulf of Trieste. It was probably this which induced Corvo to call Torcello the grandmother of Venice, which is pedantic but correct, like his way of spelling it Torxello.

The thing is that when Venice was a swamp Torcello was a big town. Torcello is now not even a *ville morte*; not even a *village mort*. Just plain, plumb dead. It contains little but its two empty churches, Santa Maria and Santa Fosca; a thousand years old and almost a thousand years disused. Even we, walking along this grassy path, are hushed by time and feel lapped into the same incongruity of history. For there are three other buildings here worth calling buildings and though they are centuries apart Torcello's timeless clock makes them all contemporaneous. They are the two little palaces where the Archivist once lived and the Council met. (There must also have been a palace for the Podestà to live in; but where is it now?) There is also an exquisite and silent restaurant called the "Laconda", owned by a clever gentleman who has another and noisy restaurant in Venice which he calls "Harry's Bar". Otherwise, about this mudbank, a few vineyards, a few small orchards, a few hollow meadows salvaged from the sea, two or three farmhouses, and up the winding channels, half-hidden in the muddy reeds, one may come on a fisherman's home toppling over the tide. Anything else? Not much. A boat under a shelter. In the wrack at your feet a rusty tin-can without top or bottom through which a lizard darts. If you stare over the marshes you guess at a seagull. The island peters out in the usual lavender haze. It is silent.

IT is silent as it was when Attila burned Altino off to the west, south of Treviso—if it were night the lizards would have been transfixed by the glow—and the mainlanders took to their boats and nosed into this Nuova Altino, a miserable refuge. "But, after all," they would have said to each other, looking out under their wattle-roofs at dawn, hearing the waves hiss into the reeds and the mournful cries of the gulls, "it's only for a while". Later, as more and more refugees, over the months, the years, the generations, came to the islands

about and staked them up and dug themselves in, it seemed that it would be for ever, and that Torcello would be the capital of a great new settlement. They brought stones from the mainland, they brought their martyrs' bones, a tradition says they brought a crude stone chair on which Attila had sat, they built their cathedral as they flourished. But the bigger island won, the highest bank and the steepest channel, the River Altus, or Rio Alta, or Rialto, five miles away, and last of all Venice, out on the southern shore facing her dominion the sea.

We ordered dinner at the "Laconda"—*prosciutto con ficchi, risotto, pomodori*, with a cool Soave Bertani to be followed by peaches and coffee—and wandered off to swim. Somebody like John Ruskin would not have done this (as I taunt Rebecca, whose job is Art); he would have crawled about humbly and devotedly on his hands and knees with a measuring-tape in the cathedral. But E. M. Forster is honest about travel in Italy, in a sentence that every book of Italian travel might quote on its title page. After mentioning a tangle of traffic in Florence, composed of a tram, four white bullocks, and some marching soldiers accompanied by some small boys turning somersaults in time with the band he says, "Over such trivialities as these many a valuable hour may slip away, and the traveller who has gone to Italy to study the tactile values of Giotto, or the corruption of the Papacy, may return remembering nothing but the blue sky and the men and women who live under it". It is Rebecca's job to hunt *kunst*. She does it indefatigably. We squabble over it daily. But to-day there could be no choice between a swim and finding out if Ruskin was right in his joyous discovery that the pillars of Santa Maria dwindle in girth up the nave to increase the illusion of perspective.

HOW can anyone recall, let alone record, the aimlessness of these summer days? We wandered by the dumb attraction of the few almost indecipherable paths, as indifferent to our destination as straying fowl. An ancient peasant working in a hollow field, where there were fig-trees and some withered corn-stalks and not much more, so that I could not see at what he was working, led us, with the inexhaustible kindness of the Italian, to the best bathing place. It seemed to us the worst bathing place. Dried cracked mud, and wrack, and moist mud, and a strongly flowing current, which was something I have seen nowhere else among those stagnant waters of the lagoons. We swam, and then wandered back, as aimless, again, as two pecking hens, and found ourselves beside the cathedral.

The cool shadows of its bricks are crumbling homes for ants. Its dignity is bare. But bareness and nakedness are the marks of both this great church and its strangely oriental neighbour, the rotondo of Santa Fosca. Here is the art of the builders of the Bosphorus floating on the lagoons: a Greek cross plan devised as late as 1008, with tiers of typical Byzantine squinches in the angles and detached columns for a dome that, alas, never soared over Torcello's flats. Instead there is a wooden circular roof and low drum. But Santa Fosca has at least slim pillars of Greek marble outside, while the facade of Santa Maria has only one carved crumbling architrave and is, inside, a tomb.

Italian churches are generally such a dazzling cluster of paintings and carvings and gildings and statues and candles and hangings and votive offerings and pious prints, with every century, and every kind of taste, exquisite and monstrous, all jumbled together, that this nakedness of Santa Maria is frightening. In a northern or Protestant country one might be prepared for it, perhaps expect it, even be soothed by it. Here one could only think that before their island began to crumble beneath their feet the creators of Santa Maria Assunta had not the leisure to cover their cathedral with marble and mosaic and jasper and porphyry and alabaster, and gilded and tinted carvings, as no doubt they, like the builders of other longer-lived churches over in Venice, hoped and planned. As we stood in the lightsome, hollow nave, so little frequented and so rarely open as to be smelly and sweaty this August day, we could see that all they had had time to achieve was the chaste pulpit, the little chancel-screen,

with beautifully fantastic carvings of birds and animals, and the carvings on the marble capitals of the pillars. The altar is unadorned. The tiers that rise like plain stairs behind it in the circle of the apse, for the priests and their bishop, are so crude that one can hardly be certain of their purpose. We had seen, outside, that the very shutters are rough stone flags, about four inches thick, hung on iron staples. As we looked we felt, or at least I felt, as embarrassed as if we had intruded on somebody's secret poverty.

THEN we turned to look behind us, and gasped. There on the great expanse of the western wall, covering all its height and width, is a vast and dimly glittering Byzantine mosaic of the Last Judgment, a sign of what the men of Torcello might have achieved if time had not put a stop to their ambition. It was like a sudden peal of trumpets. I felt as if a human spirit had risen from underneath the ground and said: "We worshipped here. All the ritual of the Christian church made this nave fume and burn with the incense of our praise and the passion of our adoration, glow with the hope of salvation and tremble with the terror of eternal hell. Whether this old familiar heat stifled us, or the winds fingered the roof-tiles and the spume sprayed across the flats and the candles slanted, *that* image was there behind us in the dusk. Poor? Naked? We who might pass in for one moment to touch the feet of the Crucified felt our nakedness before the nakedness of our God, our poverty as we passed out under the eyes of our Judge. But empty? How could this church be empty whose imagery was one of the first things our children saw and the last thing our dying would remember?"

"Not much to see there now," sighed Rebecca as we emerged into the sun.

"The gods have left their house," I said, as we wandered to the rear of the apse and lay drowsily in welcome shade on the long grass under the tower. "There was no sanctuary lamp," and I explain to her what that means: an empty tabernacle.

"I thought in your religion God is everywhere?"

But she added hastily, and truly—seeing that I was ready for an argument—that it was too hot and too heavenly to argue, and stretched out her olive-coloured arms, and spread her black hair with its interesting threads of white over the grass, and I did not tell her that there was a grey lizard contemplating her painted toe-nails.

WE dozed, long and happily. Her voice murmured, "Swim?" We found a slightly better place this time, near the two old greasy steps that are all that now remains of a piazza once raucous with life. The water of the channel was a trifle cooler, the shadows a trifle longer, and as we returned to the restaurant to dine a lamp gleamed on the open loggia. There we gossiped. And gossiped. Dusk comes rapidly, at the end, in Italy, so that when we rose to go the canal was sombre and the path was becoming invisible and the lights of the incoming steamer daggered the water. The reflected lights of Murano and Burano suggest a great depth of lagoon. The islets were mere blurs on the water. Venice was a distant twinkling line. We were too lazy and too full of food and air to walk back from the fondamente so we took a gondola past the Rio dei Mendicanti where the young moon in the canal fluttered, and the warning E-oe of the gondolier echoed like an owl. The lighted Molo came as a surprise.

Above the babble of the quays we could hear a distant band throbbing through the first bars of the Marcia Funebre from The Twilight of the Gods. It was in the Piazza. The waiter explained that it was the tribute of the city band "*per onorare il collega maestro direttore recentemente deceduto*". We drank americanos in the selfish joy of being alive and sober enough to know it. What we talked of I cannot naturally be expected to remember. Probably very little. The band would have played on for their dead colleague. Neither we nor anybody else in that chattering square would have heard more of that sombre march than the loudest wallops of the drum. Probably half our minds were in Torcello now sleeping on the lagoons like a shade.

RULE OF LAW IN GREECE

By F. A. VOIGT*

UPON no Government has unfavourable comment fallen in greater abundance than upon the Government of Greece. There is an almost world-wide opinion that Greece has a bad Government, that this Government—and the Greek political order which it is called upon to administer—are corrupt, inefficient, "undemocratic," "unrepresentative," "reactionary," and even "Fascist".

When there is some measure of agreement between *The Daily Worker*, *The New Statesman and Nation*, the American *Nation*, *The Manchester Guardian*, *The Times*, *The Economist*, and *The New York Herald Tribune* (to mention only a few), it is natural to infer that there must be a measure of truth to justify so striking a consensus.

The attitude of *The Daily Worker* and of *The New Statesman and Nation* is sufficiently intelligible, for the former plainly wishes, while the latter vaguely half-wishes, the victory of Communism in Greece. The other periodicals have no wishes of this kind because they have become aware, rather belatedly, perhaps, that the victory of Communism in Greece would establish the power of Russia on the Ægean and add one more danger to those already threatening the security of the Mediterranean and the stability of the Middle East. Nevertheless, their verdict on Greece is almost uniformly unfavourable.

The consensus, however, is one of opinion, rather than of evidence. The messages of the Athenian correspondent of *The Times* are invariably accurate. They appear in *The Manchester Guardian* as well as in *The Times* and lend little colour to the opinions expressed in the editorial columns of either newspaper.

IF we examine the judgments that make up so extensive a consensus of opinion on the subject of Greece, we are immediately baffled. When, for example, we are told—as we constantly are—that the Greek Government is "reactionary", we are never told in what respect it is so. We are left wondering what is meant by this term and we miss any evidence which might lend it some relevance and elucidate its meaning.

We are constantly struck by the high moral tone of those who write editorially on the subject of Greece, but are left no more enlightened than we were before. They are constantly exhorting the Greek Government to carry out reforms, but they leave us—and the Greek Government—to guess what reforms they have in mind. *The Economist*, for example, addressed the Greek people in magisterial fashion in a recent issue (on the 11th of December). It told them that they "cannot be absolved from the necessity of making every effort they can to put their house in order" and that "civil war is no excuse for corrupt administration or incompetent government". Perhaps we may be allowed to hope that when the Greek people have indeed "made every effort they can" (they could hardly do more), *The Economist* will pronounce absolution and give them a respite from that stern vigilance which it employs in its self-appointed task of briefing the Almighty for the Judgment Day.

UNFORTUNATELY, *The Economist* gave no evidence that would enable us to assess the justice of its verdict. It did indeed refer us for further information, to an article by "a special correspondent" (who recently visited Greece) in the same issue, but we were only treated to further exhortation, even sterner, and no less magisterial, and are left without any evidence for any of the summary statements made in either of the articles that appeared in the same issue of *The Economist*.

It might appear chivalrous to idealize the

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Greek Government a little on the assumption that the victim of widespread, sustained, and unsubstantiated derogation is not being fairly treated, and that, whatever the truth may be, it can only be served by asserting the opposite of what is generally asserted. To do this would be to engage in a sort of propaganda — or counter-propaganda — and, whatever other purpose it might serve, it would not serve the purpose of truth.

It will be more useful to examine *sine ira et studio* the nature of the Greek administration without particular regard for opinions that are not supported by evidence. We may then be able, not perhaps to pass judgment, but at least to understand.

IT would be beneficial if certain political terms were put out of circulation or, if used at all, were used only in an historical context. Have the terms "Right" and "Left" a precise contemporary relevance? On the continent they used to be relevant in so far as they distinguished between political parties according to the position of the seats, whether to the Right or to the Left, facing the Speaker, in the hemicycle of the French Chamber. The Parties of the Right were, broadly speaking, traditionalist and counter-revolutionary, those of the Left progressive and revolutionary. But we have, in our own generation, seen a revolutionary tradition grow up and all Parties are, or profess to be, in favour of progress. Is there, moreover, a clear distinction between revolution and counter-revolution? Was Hitler a resolutionary or a counter-revolutionary? Was he of the Right or of the Left? Is the bureaucratic absolutism which is extinguishing the liberty of the subject and the national independence of eastern and central European countries revolutionary or counter-revolutionary, "reactionary" or "progressive"?

WHEN Greek politics are discussed in terms of Right and Left, as they habitually are, the discussion is vitiated in advance. The two terms have little or no valid relevance to Greek affairs, although the Greek Chamber is a hemicycle on the French model. If we refer to the Communists as of the Left in Greece (as we do elsewhere) we give the term an illicit meaning, for the Communists do not belong to any European parliamentary system. And the terms Right and Left have no valid use except within the context of that system. But if we insist in assigning the Greek Communists to the Left, we must assign all the other Greek Parties, representing about ninety per cent of the electorate, to the Right, for these other Parties have much, indeed almost everything, in common with one another, and nothing in common with the Communists.

There was a difference between the non-Communist Parties before the return of the late King George II in October, 1946, for certain Parties, especially the Liberals, were Republican, and certain other Parties, especially the Populists, were Royalist. This difference was not as big in principle as it was in practice. Venizelos, the greatest Republican—and one of the greatest of European Liberals—was opposed to King Constantine for personal and political reasons. In principle, he was a Royalist and, shortly before he died, he renounced his opposition to the Throne. When nearly seventy per cent of the Greek electorate voted for the return of the King in the autumn of 1946, the monarchy was re-affirmed, not re-established, for it had not been abolished. Had there been a majority against the return of the King, the Regency would have continued, though it is likely that, in the end, a Republic would have been proclaimed (perhaps with Mr. Sophoulis, the present Prime Minister, as President).

THE popular re-affirmation of the monarchy brought the issue between monarchy and republic to an end. To-day, the monarchy is accepted by all Greeks except the Communists and a few *Fellow Travellers*. The republic, as conceived by the Communists is, of course, a Soviet Republic and bears no resemblance to the republic as formerly conceived by the Liberals. Greece is, in fact, a crowned Republic, or a Republic with a hereditary President. The King is *under* the Constitution which is of French provenance and republican in character.

There appears to be no reason for supposing that the issue between monarchy and republic will be reopened, unless the Communists prevail. They have, from the beginning, realized with some insight, that the King would always be a rallying point against themselves as an uncrowned President, who would be far more vulnerable to political pressure, would never be. And it was not only the devotion of the Greek peasants to the Throne, but their consciousness that republicanism might be associated with Communism, which Royalism could never be, that gave the King his large majority.

The Greek order is constitutional, in practice as well as in theory. That is to say, the Constitution is not one of those that exist only on paper. It is the *primum mobile* of Greek political life, as everyone will recognize who follows the constant references to it in the Greek Parliament and in the Press, as well as the frequent verdicts of the Supreme Court in disputes of a constitutional nature between the State on the one hand and private individuals or corporations on the other.

GREECE, therefore, is under the Rule of Law. The law may be good or bad, it may be well or ill administered, but it is the law. It is subject, both in itself and in its application, to constitutional authority. This will at once be evident to all who have attended Greek courts—including the military courts—or have studied the records of recent trials. No doubt there have been miscarriages of justice in Greece as in other countries, but the corrective exists—in the Constitution, in Parliament, in a free Press, and in public opinion.

War has imposed limitations on the liberty of the subject in Greece. The war is partly foreign in so far as it is promoted by foreign Powers. It is partly civil in so far as it is sustained by a faction which is Greek but not national (for in Greece, as elsewhere, the Communists are supra-national). Essentially it is a seditious conspiracy and is being dealt with under the law. But as this conspiracy has attained the dimensions of a war, the armed forces of the State have become the principal agents for enforcing the law. Two years ago, and even less, private or unauthorized armed bands were operating against the Communists. This was a necessity created by the strength of the Communists and the weakness of the Greek State, a weakness that was partly intrinsic and partly imposed by British conceptions of "democracy" and by the belief, in common both in Great Britain and the United States, that a compromise with Communism is possible and that there is a natural evolution, in Greece as in all countries, towards reconciliation, peace, and stability. But the Rule of Law has been extended to all armed forces operating against the Communists in Greece, although the struggle has become more grievous than normal warfare between nations. The villages are constantly raided by armed men under Communist leadership, men, women, and children are frequently massacred, not merely out of some savage lust or instinct, but in pursuit of a definite policy, the policy known as the "purge" in countries under Communist domination and projected into Greece as part of the process by which a a fresh Communist Republic is to be established.

WHETHER some of the restrictions placed on the liberty of the subject are excessive or not, is a matter of opinion. That restrictions are necessary is not open to question. The necessity is twofold: the necessity of defending the State, that is to say, the Rule of Law itself, and the Greek community as such—in other words, the liberty of the subject and the independence of the nation.

There have been many protests on both sides of the Atlantic against the severe sentences passed by the Greek courts. These protests reached their maximum volume last May when, after the murder of the Greek Minister of Justice, Dr. Ladas, sentences of death passed on a number of Communists were announced. There was no connection between the two events, but the impression prevailed that the sentences were an act of arbitrary retribution for the murder. It was, however, impossible to dis-

cover amongst the many letters, articles, and speeches that voiced the protests in Great Britain, America, and elsewhere, any evidence that any specific law had been arbitrarily enacted, or that the law, even if constitutionally valid, was an unjust law, or that there had been any specific miscarriage of justice. In the absence of any such evidence it was impossible to regard these protests as anything other than expressions of uncritical emotion (in so far as they were not meant to serve the purpose of political propaganda as some of them certainly were).

IT is, of course, impossible for the single observer to attend all trials in Greece or to study all the records. It is, therefore, impossible to assert that there have been no miscarriages of justice. But it is possible to assert that constitutional and legal safeguards exist, that the right of public trial, of defence, and of appeal is intact, and that all process of law is under the vigilance of a highly critical public and of a free Press. That severe sentences, including the death penalty, are frequent is the result not of arbitrary rule but of the opposite: because the offences that come before the court are numerous and extreme, the penalties, under the law, are numerous and severe.

It is also necessary to assert—for on this point there is a deal of misunderstanding—that there are no political trials in Greece. Communism, as such, is not an offence. The Greek Communist Party was suppressed even under the Liberal administration of Venizelos, not because it embodied a certain idea, but because it was the agency of "a certain power" and, therefore, a danger to Greek territorial integrity. After the Second World War, the Party enjoyed complete freedom. It was suppressed in December, 1947, "for preparing and pursuing treasonable sedition" (Law No. 509), long after its seditious and treasonable character had become incontestable. In a proclamation, circulated to all members a year ago, the *Politbureau* of the Party declared that any member who does not join the fight against the existing Greek State is a "traitor". In the publication of the Party, in the broadcasts transmitted by the station controlled by the Communists and known as *Free Greece* (and situated in Yugoslavia), and in the communiques issued by the Headquarters of the Communist forces, known as the *Democratic Army*, the members of the Greek Government, the higher civil servants, the officers of the Royal Hellenic army, navy, and air-force, are habitually referred to as "traitors" and are subject to assassination, or, if captured, to execution as such. "Traitors" to what? To the Greek Soviet Republic, which, according to the Communist conception, exists *de jure* and *de facto*, even if its authority has not been consolidated as yet and its "Government" (which is identical with the *Politbureau* of the Party) has not received international recognition.

A GREEK subject can entertain Communist ideas without committing an indictable offence, but if he is a member of the Communist Party he is *ipso facto* a member of a seditious and treasonable organization and is subject to prosecution under the law. His opinions are irrelevant.

If we wish to be hypercritical, we shall find that the liberty of the subject, which is being defended so stubbornly against the forces determined on its total destruction, is suffering from the encroachments of the bureaucracy. The peasants will not submit to controls, but townsmen—especially the commercial classes—have to submit. Argument for more or for fewer controls have the same relevance to Greece as they have to Great Britain, and enlightened Greek jurists complain, in a manner that sounds familiar to English ears, about the growth of delegated legislation. If we ask: "Which is the ruling class in Greece?" the answer, beyond a doubt, is : The bureaucracy! The landowning class was eliminated by the agrarian reforms under Venizelos, reforms made almost inevitable by the influx of more than a million refugees from Asia Minor and Eastern Thrace in 1922. The commercial classes were ruined by the Second World War and by the troubles that still afflict the country. The events of the last ten years have had a mighty levelling effect and the

type of State that is emerging is an egalitarian bureaucracy tempered by native individualism and by an unusually developed legalistic sense. But in the atrocious struggle for national survival, the dangers common to all egalitarian bureaucracies tend to escape observation.

IT is questionable whether the frequent complaints about corruption by non-Greeks are not mainly pharisaical. Experienced observers, who are not addicted to moral exhortation, do not on the basis of available evidence, generalize and assert that the Greek administration as such is corrupt. But they do recognize that some corruption exists. But as it is not so extensive as to prejudice reconstruction or the prosecution of the war, it is nobody's business except the business of the Greeks themselves. Besides, the correctives exist—the courts, above all, and a Press that will expose corruption fearlessly. About the efficiency or inefficiency of the Greeks there is so much disagreement amongst those who know them well that it is vain to generalize. All that can be said is that upon one occasion they will appear to be hopelessly inefficient and upon another they will display an astonishing efficiency. What strikes foreign observers as inefficiency in Greek Government Departments would appear to have but one cause—extreme shortage of staff resulting from rigorous economies.

It is impossible to resist the conclusion that a people which has passed through such shattering upheavals and such grievous afflictions in our modern world of collapsing standards, and has nevertheless succeeded in upholding the Rule of Law, must have certain qualities of mind and character and, as it were, a certain ultimate integrity and efficiency, something in the nature of national greatness. This fact, that Greece is under the Rule of Law, is surely the crucial fact. It is from this fact that we must proceed if we wish to understand the character of the Greek State and the existing Greek situation. Unless we ourselves respect standards, unless we have a standpoint, a point of departure, and something in the nature of an *apparatus criticus*, we shall understand nothing, neither about Greece nor about any other country, and shall, if we have such conceit of ourselves as to feel called upon to pronounce summary judgment, achieve nothing more than hollow magisterial exhortations and vain *fiats* commanding unspecified reforms unrelated to any recognizable realities.

A PERCEPTION OF LUTYENS

By A. S. G. BUTLER

SIR EDWIN LUTYENS died on New Year's Day, 1944, after fifty-six years entirely devoted to architecture. Those who have been allotted the task of going through the whole of his work and preparing it for illustration and commentary find themselves more and more impressed by its merit and almost overwhelmed by its quantity. Nor is his position in the history of art easy to assess. For he was, in a sense, outside the main line of architectural development both during his life and much more so at the present time. He flourished in the rich soil of the mountain of security built up by the capitalist system; and his death synchronized with its decline. Somebody even said at his funeral in Westminster Abbey that this was the end of architecture. One felt that was true.

It was undoubtedly the end of a great tradition to which Lutyens added a final splendour, pursuing his own humanist way, based on a devotion to Palladio and Wren. He was indifferent to the startling possibilities of steel and ferro-concrete. He was not impressed by those materials to the point of enjoying a stark effect for its own sake. He preferred a house to look beautiful and to appear to be built of the stone or brick with which it was clothed. Steel construction was a convenience for supporting a number of floors above each other. He never calculated it himself. Engineers did that; and other experts collaborated in the lighting and water services. For these were secondary matters to the design of a building as a whole. They held up the work of art and gave it health. But, in doing so, they were sometimes bent, complicated and made more expensive so as to fit the forms of structure on which Lutyens insisted.

THAT is why he was accused of being impractical and extravagant to a degree which tormented some of his clients. There is, one admits, a certain lavishness in all his plans—even the smallest. It appears particularly in the proportion in area between the rooms of his houses and the spaces required to reach them. He was fond of wide corridors and easily ascending staircases; and what might be called the access-areas of his country houses were often four or five times greater, in proportion to the total size of the rooms, than what is generally accepted as tolerable in an ordinary dwelling. Then his roofs, always high-pitched, tended to resemble the massive lids on eighteenth century mansions. They enclosed space which could not be inhabited because dormer windows would have interrupted the suavity of their appearance outside. It was better, in Sir Edwin's opinion, to house possible attic dwellers in balanced wings of the house. It was, of course, more pleasant to have nobody walking about above the principal bedrooms. Gledstone Hall in Yorkshire is an instance of this and its owner delights in it.

But could anything be more opposed to the modern emphasis on economy in design and the use of every inch of space? The recklessness of it shocked other architects. They were inclined, also, to resent any member of the profession getting away with such expenditure for purely æsthetic reasons; and it was even more annoying for the younger school who claimed that nothing had beauty unless it was functional. Then, in addition, Sir Edwin's buildings were criticized for their unwarranted size. This was partly due to his fondness for galleries and noble corridors, so well illustrated by Castle Drogo, that astonishing granite house on a peak in Devonshire. It was partly due, as well, to the dominance of symmetry in all his works except the earliest; and this resulted in the need to balance one part of a building with accommodation in another not quite so obviously required. The Viceroy's House at Delhi, for instance, is slightly larger than the Palace of Versailles.

CASTLE DROGO, DEVON

Nevertheless, people came to Lutyens to design buildings of every kind. His employment was not wholly a luxury of the rich wanting country houses. It is true that he built nearly fifty of these and reconstructed as many more. But he built a few houses in London as well; and he made complex alterations to at least sixty others. He made the Hampstead Garden Suburb, too, with its coupled churches; he threw a bridge across the Thames at Hampton Court, inventing a special curve for its arches; he laid out some noble gardens; he built colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, a picture gallery at Johannesburg and an Embassy at Washington. He housed the people in blocks of Westminster flats and merchant princes in vast City offices. He created Imperial Delhi, including one of the very great palaces of all time; while, in between, he put up a hundred and forty memorials of all kinds—among them the Cenotaph. Yet even that was not all; for the culmination came in a cathedral for the Catholic Archbishop of Liverpool.

MOST of those facts are generally known; but they induce a certain awe when put in one paragraph. Clearly this was a very successful architect. He must have made a fortune, one imagines. But that was not the case. Lutyens did not amass much wealth. He was too liberal with his time, designing and re-designing the detail of his buildings. One is amazed to learn that a man of such eminence refused to spend more than a few minutes daily on his correspondence. His zest for drawing out what he was creating never, for a moment, lessened. It was this absorption in a single occupation which explains primarily the extreme distinction of the results. The distinction given by great learning in the handling of form, that is, and by meticulous unvarying care, but with a factor of charm added for which only the character of Lutyens can account. He was, fortunately, not too highly educated. Somebody even dared to say once that he knew nothing about architecture—presumably meaning dull facts like the dates of the various Gothic styles or the names of

VICEROY'S HOUSE, NEW DELHI

Bramante's relations. Disliking discussion, he protected himself behind a screen of wit until he could regain his drawing-table and there enjoy himself. Probably it was this very happiness in creating buildings which gave them the enchantment nearly all of them possess and is the quality which explains why so many people—even great business men—returned to Lutyens for more of his magic.

SHOULD one try to analyse from its foundations the lure of Sir Edwin's work, it might be said that, at a quite early period, he accepted the rule of symmetry in a wide interpretation of that word. This meant, in his maturity, much more than a balanced distribution of windows on a front; for it included such subtleties as reciprocal but different masses of interest—not only in elevation, but in plan and, above all, in that combination of both which architecture alone provides by *letting you walk through it*. An arrangement of enclosed spaces can have a peculiar enticement too delicate to quite define; but it appears to arise from a satisfaction dimly felt in the relation of one of them to another, together with—and almost conflicting with it—a delight in a degree of unexpectedness in their connection. The former was the basis of Sir Edwin's deep understanding. For we find, on studying his plans, that there is an inter-relation of similar rectangular forms and squares which has a deep foundation on instinctive reaction to balanced weights. We find in the layout of the Viceroy's House, for instance, the repetition of a short rectangle of constant proportion. It is the re-discovery of such a form translated into cubic space in a different dress which satisfies us. And it is the use of a recurring unit—nine feet between the windows of a house on *all* its sides, for instance—which underlines the rule of order and clarifies the harmony.

Yet that insistence on order might be, by itself, dull and even obvious. An element of mystery is required—an unexpectedness in the solution of a problem—to give a building the highest distinction. Lutyens achieved

this by adding the least distortion to the probable way to plan a house or to go up a staircase or to light a chapel. He would throw a corridor across a wide staircase and make a lovely bridge of it—as he did at the Washington Embassy—then, while you wondered how the floor above that was reached, he would lead you through an opening, inconspicuous by contrast, and up an enchanting spiral, frilled with a wrought-iron rail.

WE, his protagonists, claim that these vagaries were not overdone. They were worth it, even when they entailed a fraction on of inconvenience like those tall arched windows which combine the fourth and fifth floors of Britannic House in Finsbury. It is true that half-a-dozen unimportant offices are lit by a single half-round window resting on the floor; but the top of it rises above the typist's desk and the possible exposure of her legs to the street is made up for by the essential contribution the high glazed openings make to those magnificent façades. It is, indeed, possible that this office block will be classed in two hundred and fifty years as the handsomest building in London; for there is a smouldering but majestic effrontery about it which surpasses the splendour of most Renaissance palaces.

That is, the design is more calculated, both in its masses and in its detail, than its forbears. It is less straightforward but full of the right intricacy. We know, too, from his later works, that Lutyens developed the Roman Doric Order to a greater refinement than Wren, Sanmicheli or even Michelangelo attained; and those who worked with him can testify that the profile of a moulding or a cornice was never drawn free-hand or haphazard, but always on the basis of a secret angle, under a proportional subdivision in heights, and its curves invariably with compasses.

That, one supposes, is genius. Intense and unremitting work through half a century, impelled by a passion for the subject and sublimated by an inward revelation to give a charm which is indescribable and has to be felt. It is perhaps strange that this country should throw up such an artist. We are fortunate that it did in time.

UNO AND KASHMIR

By WILLIAM BARTON *

FOR over a year the dispute between the Indian Government and Pakistan has been a cause of anxiety to statesmen of the West. Lately the clouds have lifted and it now seems possible that a settlement may be reached. The situation that has developed as a result of the Indian adventure in Kashmir and the prospects of an agreement acceptable to all parties concerned are discussed in the present article.

Kashmir is a land of huge mountain masses, interspersed with incredibly beautiful valleys. Of these, the Vale of Kashmir, some 3,000 to 4,000 square miles in area, is the most important, the heartland of the country. To the north of it stretches a great sweep of the Himalayas, beyond which lie the frontier districts of Gilgit, Chilas and the vast mountain land of Ladakh. South of the valley, beyond the high range of the Pir Panjal is the Jammu province, including Poonch, a mountainous region flanking the West Punjab (Pakistan) as far as the North West Frontier. Poonch is the home-land of Muslim tribes speaking Panjabi and closely allied to the Punjabi Muslims beyond the frontier. In Jammu, before the troubles, a Muslim minority shared the district with the Hindu Dogras and Sikhs.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that all roads and valleys linking the country with the plains run into Pakistan. So does trade from Central Asia and from Kashmir itself. Jammu, the winter capital of the State, verging on the Punjab plains, is linked with Srinagar, the summer capital in the Vale of Kashmir, by a road that crosses the Banihal pass at 9,000 feet, blocked by snow in winter. There was no road link with the Indian Dominion.

ECONOMICALLY, Kashmir is of the first importance to Pakistan. It has great material resources, especially minerals and timber at present undeveloped. It should be the rôle of Pakistan to exploit them to its own and Kashmir's benefit. It is essential that Pakistan should control the headworks of its canals where these are situated in the Kashmir foothills. The industrial future of the West Punjab depends largely on hydro-electric power. To produce it, installations must be set up on rivers in the Kashmir hills.

When one considers the facts of geography and economics, and what, if anything, has still greater weight, the vast preponderance of the Muslim element in the population, 90 per cent out of four millions, one must admit that Pakistan has a strong *prima facie* case for its claim that Kashmir should move into its sphere of influence rather than accede to India. Here it may be noted that Lord Mountbatten told a public gathering in London soon after his retirement that he had "advised the Hindu Maharaja of Kashmir before the partition of India to ascertain the wishes of the people by whatever means and join which Dominion they wished by the 14th August last year". The Maharaja did not take the Viceroy's advice. Had he acceded to Pakistan, Lord Mountbatten told him with the concurrence of the future Government of India that India would raise no objection whatever. From this we may assume that Pandit Nehru and Congress realized that Pakistan had a prior claim. The only trouble that could have been raised, Lord Mountbatten said, was non-accession to either Dominion, and that, unfortunately, was the very course followed by the Maharaja.

FOR six centuries till the middle of the nineteenth, with a brief interval (from 1820 to 1846) of Sikh rule, Kashmir was under Muslim domination. For the second half of the eighteenth century it was a

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province of the Afghan kingdom. In 1846, after the first Sikh war, it was ceded to the British. They had no desire to take it on and assigned it to the Hindu raja of Jammu on his agreeing to pay the indemnity of £750,000 imposed on the defeated Sikhs. The Maharaja had been a feudatory of the Sikh Durbar; before that, his ancestors stood in a similar relation to the Moguls.

With British aid, the Jammu Maharaja succeeded in bringing under his rule the Kashmir of to-day. Hindu rule was never popular with the Muslim majority, especially in the Vale of Kashmir, where the Kashmiri Brahmins, known locally as Pandits—Pandit Nehru belongs to this clan—ruthlessly exploited the Muslim peasantry. From time to time the British suzerain power had to intervene to prevent widespread disturbances. Popular reforms were introduced in the 'thirties, but the Pandit oligarchy was not seriously prejudiced. During this period Congress infiltration was making progress under a virile Muslim leader, Shaikh Abdullah, son of a Kashmiri shawl merchant, a graduate of Delhi University and a protégé of Pandit Nehru. A couple of years ago, there were popular disturbances; Shaikh Abdullah was arrested. Pandit Nehru was at the time Minister for External Affairs in the "national Government" at Delhi. Anxious if possible to protect the Shaikh he flew to Kashmir. But he was up against another Pandit as determined as himself, not prepared to submit to outside interference. Pandit Nehru was arrested and deported. Shaikh Abdullah was imprisoned. There was reason to suspect Communist support to the revolutionary movement, as the Kashmir Prime Minister told the present writer when in Jammu in the spring of last year.

THE attitude of the Maharaja at the time of partition has been already noted. Apparently he hoped to be more or less independent like Switzerland. But the Muslims, especially the Muslims of Poonch, had no intention of submitting indefinitely to Hindu Dogra rule uninfluenced by British paramountcy. There was a threat of insurrection in Poonch. The Maharaja with his Hindu Dogra and Sikh troops struck at once, aided and abetted by Sikh and Hindu refugees from the West Punjab. There were brutal massacres. The 237,000 Muslims living in Dogra Hindu areas round Jammu were either ejected or killed.

News of the slaughter of their co-religionists by Sikhs and Hindus soon spread to the North West Frontier, especially to Swat and Hazara. Pathan tribesmen eager to revenge the outrages crossed the border, joined hands with the Poonch Muslims and moved rapidly up the Jhelum valley towards the Vale of Kashmir. It may be noted here that 60,000 Poonch Muslims fought for India in the last war; they provided a strong military element in the insurgent forces. The State troops were utterly unable to check the onrush; Baramullah at the entry to the Valley was sacked and burnt; a like fate threatened the great town of Srinagar where many Sikh and Hindu refugees from Pakistan had sought asylum. The only possibility of saving it was to appeal to India and that meant accession. The main difficulty was the approach. Direct access from India to Jammu was through Pakistan; only by air could help be brought to Jammu and Srinagar.

THIS was the course adopted. Sikh and Hindu troops were flown to Srinagar in sufficient numbers to hold up the insurgents and their tribal allies. Later the invaders were pushed down part of the Jhelum valley. Shaikh Abdullah was released and placed at the head of the Kashmir government. Accession was accepted subject to the condition that the future of Kashmir should be settled by a referendum.

As against the Shaikh Abdullah government the insurgents set up an *Azad* or free Kashmir government. Several brigades of troops mainly from ex-soldiers were raised. With tribal support the insurgent forces have been able to hold the India armies in a wide sweep from Gilgit almost to Jammu town. The frontier districts broke away from the Maharaja and joined the *Azad* movement; the Gilgit Scouts, an irregular corps with British officers, expelled the Sikh governor. The insurgents were reinforced

during the winter months by tribesmen subjects of the Afghan government, from among the quarter million of nomads who in the winter, with their flocks and herds, move down the passes of the Frontier province from their bleak highlands to the Punjab.

THE Indian government blames Pakistan for the stalemate that has existed for months past and may continue indefinitely. Pakistan was responsible for holding back the tribesmen; not only had they shirked their responsibility, but actively encouraged the tribesmen to invade Kashmir. Defective communications prohibited the deployment and supply of forces adequate to expel the invaders and subdue the insurgents. The difficulty could have been overcome by the seizure of the Pakistan town of Sialkot on the railway, twenty miles or so from Jammu. But this would have meant civil war, which India wished to avoid. They took the next best course of building a road about eighty miles long from Pathankot on their border with Pakistan through the foothills of the Hindu State of Chamba which had acceded to India. The road was completed in three or four months and is fit for heavy lorries and tanks. It has enabled India to keep supplied the four divisions it has in the country. In winter, however, it is next to impossible for India to supply Srinagar except by air.

Pakistan denies responsibility for the tribal invasion. It hadn't the troops to hold back the tribes, especially those which could reach Kashmir through Swat without crossing administered territory; the Pakistan Government hotly challenged India's right to accept accession of what was really a Muslim State, which, for every reason, geographical, economic, political, should have acceded to, or allied itself with, Pakistan. The massacre of Muslims and the seizure of the country by Hindu and Sikh forces was, in their view, a direct provocation for the wild and fanatical tribesmen to a holy war.

IN January the Indian Union decided to impeach Pakistan before the United Nations. What they expected was that their adversary would be treated as an aggressor and told to remove his tribesmen from Kashmir, to keep them out and to leave the country to India.

The Security Council found some difficulty in accepting in its entirety the Indian version of the quarrel. It was particularly impressed by the able defence for Pakistan put up by Sir Muhammad Zafarullah, External Minister for Pakistan, who made it clear that the Kashmir Muslims, especially the men of Poonch and the Frontier districts, were the spearhead of the resistance to the India forces. Further, the episode of Junagadh created a bad impression. Had not India, in this case, forcibly prevented a Muslim Ruler from taking a step in the matter of accession which they had encouraged in the case of the Hindu Ruler of Kashmir? It was not easy to explain away the inconsistency.

Long debates followed during March and April. Finally the Council passed a resolution calling on Pakistan to withdraw its tribesmen, India to remove its troops gradually when the tribesmen had left. Shaikh Abdullah was to be called on to broaden the basis of his government so as to include all elements. This, by the way, would have meant the dissolution of the *Azad* government. A plebiscite would follow under the aegis of the Council.

NEITHER side subscribed to this resolution. Pakistan would agree only if the India Government withdrew all their troops; the latter were not prepared to do this until the plebiscite was settled. Both governments agreed to the proposed visit of the representatives of the Council.

The Commission arrived in Delhi in July. Meanwhile the India Government had increased their forces in Kashmir, apparently in the hope of overcoming resistance before the arrival of the Commission and so to present it with a *fait accompli*. Thousands of Muslims were driven into Pakistan to the embarrassment of the government; there was an imminent danger that Indian troops might sweep down to the Pakistan boundary. Tribal forces were small, only about 2,000 strong; they and the *Azad*

fighting men were ill-equiped and not capable of standing up to the new thrust. To oppose it Pakistan troops were rushed to the front; the attack was held.

In the India view this action on the part of the Pakistan government convicted them of the charge of aggression. The Commission endeavoured without success to induce both sides to arrange a truce.

After a tour of nearly three months the Commission returned to Geneva to write their report.

The visit can hardly be described as a success. The *New York Times* correspondent in Geneva indeed regards their proceedings as a gloomy failure. Privately, he notes, nearly all the Commission members say they see almost no case for India retaining Kashmir. Another correspondent of the same paper, after two months in Kashmir spent in visiting all the fronts, in cabling to New York expressed the view that an impartial commission would unanimously reject India's claim.

Indian opinion regards accession as a *fait accompli*. The India Press is strongly critical of the attitude of the Security Council. Thus the widely-read *Hindu* in its issue of the 16th February, charges "the Anglo-American powers and their satellites with identifying themselves completely with the Pakistan cause. It thinks that in taking up this position they are actuated by power politics in their effort to control the Middle East".

On the other hand *The Statesman and Nation*, a paper inclined to support the India Congress, criticizes Indian policy with regard to Kashmir. That country, it comments, has always been part of the concept of Parkistan; India, in its view, made a mistake in ever desiring its accession.

Pakistan would have preferred to treat the quarrel as a Commonwealth affair to be settled by a Conciliation Committee of members of the Commonwealth. To that India would not agree.

AS regards the Pakistan case there is little to be added to what has already been said. Even Indian politicians must admit that to leave Kashmir to India would mean the suffocation of Pakistan even if such action did not involve a major war. The Pakistan authorities would find it very difficult to get the tribesmen out of Kashmir without a reasonable settlement. To have made the attempt forcibly would have set the border aflame from Chitral to the Arabian Sea. With their half organized army, inadequately equipped mainly because India was withholding the Pakistan share of military material left behind by Britain, the Pakistan Government could hardly have faced a quarter of a million fanatical tribesmen re-inforced by swarms of Afghans, financed and equipped by Russia. Could India really expect its rival to incur such a risk? Pakistan will not accept a plebiscite taken under the auspices of Shaikh Abdullah the Congress agent; on the other hand an impartial finding would be approved.

Will the Council be able to effect a compromise of this dangerous quarrel? A really impartial plebiscite is almost impossible. To ensure impartiality all troops and tribesmen would have to be withdrawn and an impartial interim government set up. Where is such a government to be found; how would it be invested with authority? Over and above such difficulties there would be endless complications in working a plebiscite in the trackless mountains of Poonch and in the frontier districts; it might be possible in the Vale of Kashmir where the people are more or less homogeneous and all parts of the country easily accessible.

PARTITION is an obvious solution. India is disinclined to consider it; Pakistan was at first obdurate on the point but it is believed would accept a reasonable arrangement that would protect Muslim interests. It is suggested that a small Hindu State should be formed round the town of Jammu as a centre, covering the hill-country south of the Chenab. This would give ample room for the Hindu Dogras, Sikhs and Hindus generally; it would have a link with India through the recently built road between Jammu and Pathankot above

referred to. The rest of the country with a population almost entirely Muslim would join Pakistan. There might be some doubt about the vote of the Muslims of the Kashmir Vale, hypnotized as some of them have been by the Shaikh Abdullah demagogy. A free vote beyond his influence would probably involve his defeat.

Pakistan would not agree to the Vale standing out of the Muslim sphere. Separation would make the administration of the rest of Muslim Kashmir difficult, if not impossible. The Pakistan Government would, it is believed, accept the proposal to cut off the country south of the Chenab to build up a Hindu State. India can hardly expect the Security Council to countenance their holding the whole of Kashmir. In any case to maintain their position in the country would be a difficult task. It would be a continuous drain on the resources of India, at the moment economically weak; a large garrison would be necessary to keep in check Muslim instransigence and to ward off incessant tribal raids through Swat. The position would be much the same if the proposed Hindu State included the Vale. There would be little hope of the development of friendly relations between the two Dominions in such conditions. Is it worth while, mainly for reasons of prestige, that India should risk the danger of reviving in a virulent form the thousand-year old feud between Hinduism and Islam bringing along with it a deadlock in Kashmir that must inevitably lead to civil war?

IT is true that the Left Wing, eager for the spoils of Kashmir and of the States generally, is an embarrassment to the Congress leaders. But an agreement that would win the friendship of Pakistan and attract the loyalty of the forty millions of Muslims domiciled in India would, by strengthening the hands of government, make it easy for them to deal with any trouble the extremists might cause.

As already noted, there has been a marked improvement in the situation, holding out hopes of a permanent settlement. Dr. Lozano, Chairman of the UN Commission for Kashmir, during his recent visit to India has induced the two Dominion Governments to agree to a cease-fire. It is understood that both are prepared to submit the dispute to a free plebiscite of the people of the State, to be carried out under the auspices of the United Nations, and to abide by the verdict. To ensure observance of the truce, twenty teams of neutral military observers are to be appointed by the Security Council. The method of carrying out the plebiscite has still to be determined. Some observers are of opinion that the necessary proceedings may take close on a year. An urgent problem that brooks no delay is the re-settlement of half a million or more refugees, mostly Muslims; the difficulties of dealing with illiterate voters in remote hill fastnesses has been referred to in an earlier paragraph.

WHAT arrangements will be made for an interim government is not yet clear. The President of the *Azad* Government, Sardar Muhammed Ibrahim, is under the impression that his government will continue to administer the territory in its hands, the Shaikh Abdullah Government being responsible for the rest of Kashmir, both Governments to function under UNO supervision. Sardar Ibrahim is confident that, given the conditions of a free plebiscite, ninety-eight per cent of the Muslims of Kashmir will vote for accession to Pakistan.

The heavy burden of military expenditure incurred by the Indian Government in the Kashmir operations has been a serious handicap to the economic recovery of the country. If the settlement proceedings are likely to be protracted indefinitely it may be prepared to withdraw the bulk of its forces from Kashmir. This would inspire confidence in the Muslims. Here it may be noted that unless the United Nations Commission can convince the Kashmir Muslims and their tribal supporters that the plebiscite will result in a genuine expression of Muslim opinion, troubles will almost inevitably recur.

As to the acceptance by India of an adverse verdict, Pandit Nehru has through-

out announced his readiness to abide by a popular decision. The loss of Kashmir would be a heavy blow to the prestige of his government, and should Pakistan win it would be a graceful gesture, certain to improve relations between the two Dominions, if it agreed to the setting up of the small Hindu State referred to.

WELSH EVENING

COOL evening winds were blowing.
The cows laned home to rest.
The muffle of their lowing
Brought deep peace in the breast.

Now man and beast are sleeping.
Soot-shadowed in the sun
Sinking behind the ash-boughs,
A clear loud bird sings on.

GEORGE MOOR

Theatre

SALUTE TO COVENT GARDEN

BY HUBERT GRIFFITH

FIDELIO. By Beethoven. (*Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.*)

CINDERELLA (Ballet). By Frederick Ashton. (*Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.*)

SEPTEMBER TIDE. By Daphne du Maurier. (*Aldwych.*)

THE loveliest theatre in London?—Covent Garden!—with its faded crimson plush and gilt and chandeliers, and its multitude of boxes, and its deep horseshoe shape—incidentally, one of the loveliest houses in Europe.

The acoustically-best theatre in London? Covent Garden! Much of its interior is of wood. It is built like a violin. It acts like a sounding-box. Standing in one of its partioned corridors (that is to say, technically *outside* the auditorium proper) one can hear the orchestra, and even sometimes the voices, better than in any of London's newer concrete-and-chromium-built theatres.

The theatre with the greatest traditions in London? Again, Covent Garden! I know that down the centuries the rival, the runner-up, has always been the other great patent house, Drury Lane, contending, with equal court patronage and rival stars, for pre-eminence. But within the memory of the present generation Drury Lane has so completely gone over to pantomime and melodrama, musical-comedies either comic or romantic, the fustian of "*Boccaccio Nights*" and Mr. Novello's anything-else-you-like "*Nights*," and Mr. Coward's "*Cavalcades*", that it can no longer rank as a classic theatre.

Covent Garden is the remaining theatre in London where one can feel that one should loose one's shoe from off one's foot as treading holy ground; and I don't think I have ever entered that vast auditorium without feeling something of this reverence.

Of course—as in any season—there have been the usual rows and recriminations, charges and counter-charges, as to its running. Sir Thomas Beecham demands fireily why the colossal sum of £100,000 has been lost? (Come, come, Sir Thomas! You yourself have lost of your personal fortune much more than this in the cause of grand opera—and more credit to you—though perhaps you didn't lose it all in one season.) Attacking the personnel that governs the Covent Garden Trust:—"The first and most noticeable feature of the list is that it contains not a single person who knows anything about opera or had practical experience of it, and whose opinion is worth a brass farthing." To which Sir John Anderson replies in his best front-bench manner by "deploring" Sir Thomas's "unbridled tongue," and putting up a defence which, stripped of its parliamentary language, reduces to the classic plea of "Don't shoot the pianist—he's doing his best!"

A straighter statement would have met the case:—that *all* opera on the grandest scale loses money *always*. Grand-opera has always been (as regards her living-allowance) either the rich man's fancy, or the adopted-daughter of the state—though in each case she is to be praised for having scattered her favours lavishly on the multitude. Once, in Vienna, in the poverty-stricken years of the 'thirties, I asked the Socialist city fathers, with their grandiose and successful housing-schemes on their hands, how they dared continue to subsidize the resplendent Vienna Opera—which was well known to be costing them about £100,000 a year. Their reply, was exactly what I had expected: (a) that the existence of a world-famed opera brought enough employment and visiting-trade into Vienna to make the permanent subsidy a mere fleabite, and (b) that Vienna would simply not *be* Vienna without its opera—Richard Strauss, Klemenz Krauss (as conductors), Sclezac, Elizabeth Schumann, and Jeriza, were then its reigning stars. Without these, Vienna would simply

lose its remaining claims to be a great continental capital. I raised my hat to the city fathers, and retreated.

Well, now that the tumult and shouting has died—and the opera and ballet continue quite undisturbed by them—what have we got from the recent season, and still have from it? I have not attended all performances; but I have been to two outstanding productions (and to each of them twice), Beethoven's one opera "*Fidelio*"; and Ashton's new three-act Ballet, "*Cinderella*". And each of them has seemed to me as near as possible pure gold—and as a spectator and enjoyer I am not in the least interested in who paid the price for them—let them fight this out for themselves. I wish to render homage and thanks to the collective personality of Covent Garden.

"*Fidelio.*" The ways of genius are strange —as has been remarked once or twice before. Is it curiously characteristic of Beethoven that for his one opera he should have chosen the theme of marital fidelity? His contemporaries and successors, like him, were flying to Spain for their themes——cloaks and swords and daggers and passionate and illicit love-affairs—"*Hernani*" and "*Ruy Blas*" were only a few years distant—but it falls to Beethoven to choose the Faithful Wife as a heroine. (The original title and sub-title of the French scenario of the opera were "*Léonore, ou l'Amour Conjugal*"!)

Not, on the surface, very exciting! Whoever else, in the whole world-history of drama, has ever taken marital fidelity as being a dramatically exciting theme?

The opera is also—if I may mix metaphors—hopelessly broken-backed from its ground-plan upwards. The soubrette, Marcellina, who looks like becoming a second Cherubino (witness the lovely first act quartet "*Mir is so wunderbar*"—in which she has to do most of the singing) —is almost forgotten from then onwards. The hero, Florestan, does not even appear until the third act of a four-act opera—that is to say, until the opera is half over. Could dramatic structure be more hopelessly inapt?

And yet . . . and yet . . . Some strange and unnamable magic dominates the whole evening. The marvellous handling of the "*Chor der Gefangenen*"—the chorus of prisoners released from dungeons groping their way towards the light, is not only moving in itself, but is so perfectly placed in the opera that it shows that Beethoven (given time and attention) could have developed the instincts of a master-dramatist. And, over all, pervades a curious Beethovenesque quality—certain cadences, certain bars of the music, for certain limited times, do quite literally suggest what we can tell ourselves is the Voice that breathed o'er Eden—a curious holiness—a sense of being upborn by a mighty hand—the hand that Rodin tried to sculpt—and failed in sculpting—in "*Le Main de Dieu.*"

I will not go further in these remote analogies. I would only say, "Go and see '*Fidelio*'." Much of it is good by any standards—such as the singing of Schwarzkopf as "Marcellina"—but she is already an accomplished operatic star. Sylvia Fisher, as Leonora-Fidelio, and Thornsteinn Hanneson, as Florestan, are rather at an advantage because they are almost completely new to grand-opera, and do not know the tricks of grand-opera—and therefore sing and act the parts naturally and sincerely—and make a considerable effect with them.

Why Mr. Karl Rankl, the otherwise excellent conductor, should have chosen to push in on us the interminable "Leonora III Overture" between Acts III and IV, passes all understanding. It re-states the opening bars of what has already gone before, Florestan's third act aria, "*In den Lebens Frühlings-Tagen*", not only three times, nor thirty-three times, but approximately three hundred-and-thirty-three times. Traditional as this nonsense may be, it should be abolished. Unless we want to make the conductor the sole hero of the evening. Which was not, I take it, Beethoven's intention.

THE second major offering of the Covent Garden Season is the ballet "*Cinderella*" devised by Frederick Ashton to music by the Russian Prokofieff. It takes the whole

evening—that is to say, it is a three-act effort, a rare thing among English ballets. It is never notably dull. It is easy on the eye and the ear all the time. And it has occasional moments when it is thrilling. Which, by and large, makes it a genuine achievement.

I do not know that anyone has commented before on the fact that though, when foreign grand-opera and foreign grand-operatic stars are in the Covent Garden programme, there are occasionally a few vacant seats—i.e., that the house is not 100 per cent full—on the occasions when such a ballet as "*Cinderella*" is in the bill, the house is 120 per cent full, that is to say, that people are standing on each others' toes all round the circles and upper-circles—that it is a question not only of finding standing-room but of finding breathing-room. (Sir John Anderson made some pompous reference to the fact that "the subsidy from the Exchequer to Covent Garden covers a scheme of ballet as well as opera. . . ." Now this is handsome of Sir John—but rather disingenuous. Whatever is being done to pack the house, to reduce the deficit, perhaps even to make a profit on those particular nights, is being done by this lovely and enchanting spectacle—danced by the *British* ballet company of Sadler's Wells. . . .)

No patriot am I as regards the arts! I believe I have demonstrated this sufficiently in previous articles. But as the argument has been largely financial, this singular fact should be made plain.

THE only important—or would-be important—dramatic offering in recent weeks has been the return of the admired Miss Gertrude Lawrence in an astonishing piece of made-to-measure theatre, "*September Tide*," by Miss Daphne du Maurier.

A normally intelligent colleague of mine, Mr. Alan Dent, records that his "gorge rose at the play", and thinks this fact sufficiently interesting to repeat in the same notice. But it was apparently at the *theme* of the play that Mr. Dent's sensitive gorge rose. (Briefly:—a young artist, newly married, meets for the first time his mother-in-law, a sophisticated gracious woman, a world removed from his silly little hobbledehoy of a wife. He falls in love with—or is at least temporarily much attracted by—the mother.)

Now what is wrong with this? The situation must have occurred before now. Its *theme* is the theme of their parallel "*Hyppolytus*" of Euripides, and of Racine's "*Phèdre*"—*J'ai revu Hippolyte dans les traits de son père*. . . . If Mr. Dent had complained that the banality and hopeless tawdriness of almost every phrase of the writing cheapened a theme that might have been made a dignified and tragic one—then I would have been with him. My own gorge only rose from feeling that a better play could have been written on the same subject.

NOTES FROM OVERSEAS

THE year has not opened any too auspiciously for the cause of civilization. The Communist triumphs in China have been followed by further trouble in Indonesia which has given Russia the opportunity to drive in a wedge between the Netherlands and the other Western Powers, while in Europe the decision has clearly been taken to crush any remaining independence in Hungary. The situation in Greece is still a matter for the gravest anxiety. It is true that Marshal Tito appears to be standing up to the Kremlin, but it is extremely uncertain for how much longer he will be able to do so. In short, it would be unjustifiable optimism to believe that any change in the international situation is not for the worse. Meanwhile spring is not very far off, and the possibilities it holds are as numerous as they are likely to prove unpleasant.

In preparation, Russia is cracking the whip over the various Communist parties. The latest example is Italy. The Party leaders there have instituted a secret Party police force of which the task is to examine the behaviour of Party members. The first result of this has been that at a recent meeting of the Central Executive of the Party a list of two thousand members, including a high proportion of intellectuals, have been dismissed from membership for nationalist tendencies. Heads of cells were ordered, as from 9th December last, "to visit their companions and take note of the circumstances in which they live, and if, particularly among the women, there exists any solidarity with Christian Democracy. Before a comrade propagates Communist ideas in the sections, houses and offices it is essential that he be secure of the members of his own family. It is in the family that he should begin to exercise his work of persuasion and propaganda".

Incidentally the latest news from Italy is to the effect that the prestige of Togliatti is declining sharply among his followers, who are already accusing him of nationalist tendencies.

THOSE who have recently come from Hungary are the least surprised at the recent developments in that country. All through November there was an uneasy feeling in Budapest that something was being prepared between the local Communists and their masters in Moscow. The Nazis were children compared with the Russians in anything connected with a war of nerves. There are very few Muscovites to be seen in Hungary, but all over the country there are Russian war memorials which the Hungarians are required to guard day and night as a reminder that where Russia has once set her foot she may set it again. Power in the East has always been distant and awe-inspiring, and the Kremlin is fully aware of the advantages to be derived from this.

To connect Admiral Horthy with a plot to restore the Habsburgs is so absurd as to prove the hollowness of the whole so-called conspiracy. The ex-Regent was for twenty years one of the most bitter opponents of the Archduke Otto, the restoration of whose father he opposed in 1921 by force of arms. The real reason for the Russian action is to be sought elsewhere, and it lies in the determination to have a passive Hungary when the campaigning season opens in April or May: in the meantime a further blow at the Church will have a stimulating effect upon Communists and fellow-travellers all over the world.

At the same time the connection between Russian political and military strategy must never be forgotten. Hungary is an essential base whether operations against the West are in contemplation or if it is to be a question of armed action against Tito.

SO much nonsense has been written and talked about the Dutch action in Indonesia that it is refreshing to find one of the leading American newspapers, *The New York Herald Tribune*, representing the situation in its proper perspective. After discussing the comparison with Palestine, a recent issue went on to point out:

The clearest lesson of the Palestine experience was the demonstration that the UN is incompetent to administer situations of this kind, and that the United States while influential in its advice or pressure, is unwilling to accept the responsibilities that should accompany its proposals. In the end, the Palestine problem was settled by force, and if UN had succeeded in suppressing all resort to force, it is by no means certain that the outcome would have been either as just or as workable as the outcome achieved by blood-shed and tenacity in the actual arena of conflict. After this lesson, why should the United States be so eager to rush into another situation in so many ways similar? The more probable answer is a depressing one.

It is that this is a part of the old "cold war". By supporting the Indonesian Republic the United States will undercut Russian anti-imperialist propaganda; it is also argued that the Dutch, by attacking the government which had itself been fighting the local Communists, have tended only to force Indonesians into the Communist fold. Yet the Dutch in Europe are one of the chief bulwarks of the Western system against Communist aggression. The end result is a fantastic one, which leaves somewhat theoretical gentlemen in the secluded halls of the State Department in Washington weighing the anti-Communist effect of a *démarche* in Paris against the pro-Communist effect of a truce in Java—with the true interests of the Indonesians, the Dutch, the Russians or the Americans scarely appearing even in the balance.

If policy could be successfully carried on in this way, one would not object to it; but against the mounting evidence that frustration and confusion are the usual rewards of such an approach, the average citizen is led to ask whether it might not be possible to base policy on an appreciation of the actual factors involved in the area? If Western democracy has anything valid to say about such an intricate complex of rights and wrongs as is involved in the Indonesian problem, it ought to have the courage to say it, regardless of consequences. If not, it ought to say nothing.

THE fact is that Dutch action in Indonesia is to be judged on the same grounds as the presence of the 2nd Guards Brigade in Malaya, namely the necessity of protecting the country and its inhabitants from Communist exploitation.

LETTERS
FROM REVOLUTIONARY FRANCE

By GEORGE BRANSBY-WILLIAMS

IN the summer of 1789 four men set out on a continental tour. The purpose of their journey is not clear. They must have known that France was in a disturbed condition, that there was much discontent and that the revolutionary movement was spreading. Probably they wished to see for themselves what the state of affairs was; certainly they did not expect to be plunged into the turmoil in which they found themselves. As it turned out their letters contained the earliest accounts that reached England of some of the events that occurred during the outbreak of the revolution.

The leader of the party was George Cadogan Morgan, brother of William Morgan—the most famous of actuaries—whose political views were thought so subversive by Pitt's government that at one time there seems to have been some idea of prosecuting him for sedition. George Morgan was also the nephew of Dr. Richard Price, Unitarian minister, philosopher, statistician, financial expert and protagonist of religious freedom. Price's powerful support of the revolting American colonists made him exceedingly unpopular with the party in power in England at the time, but on the other hand raised his reputation in America to such a height that a special resolution was passed by Congress inviting him to settle there and regulate the nation's finances. Later Dr. Price upheld the cause of revolutionary France with equal fervour. His public speeches were read in the French National Assembly and a famous sermon on "Love of our Country" brought out Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution* as a counterblast.

George Morgan's views were in complete sympathy with those of his uncle and brother. He had gone up to Oxford with the intention of entering the Church, but the death of his father made it impossible for him to stay there. After he came down he helped Dr. Price for some time in his various activities. As a result of his uncle's influence he became a Unitarian Minister, but as his political and religious views developed they were thought too advanced by his sober middle-class congregations; so he gave up his ministry and became a tutor at Hackney College. He was a scientist of some repute. His lectures on electricity were published and won quite a wide circulation.

With his antecedents it was natural that Morgan's sympathies should be with the French lower classes in their struggle to free themselves from the oppression they suffered. There could have been little government control over entries into the country, when a man, who made no secret of his revolutionary ideas, was not only allowed to land unhindered, but also to travel to any part of the country he wished to go to.

The other three members of the party were young men; Dr. Rigby, later well known in his profession and the father of a more distinguished medical man; Olyett Woodhouse and Boddington. Morgan and Rigby wrote many letters home. Rigby's were published ninety years later by his daughter Lady Eastlake; Morgan's have remained unpublished. Some of his descriptions of the scenes he witnessed during one of the greatest events in history seem to be interesting enough to be allowed now, at last, to see the light of day.

The party landed at Calais on the 4th July, 1789. On the 23rd June the Third Estate had won its final triumph over the king and the other two orders. On the 3rd July it assumed the name of the National Assembly. From this point Morgan's letters may be allowed to tell their own story.

LISLE, 5th July, 1789.

WE reached this place just as the Gates were shutting last night. The scene displayed by the city as we entered was altogether novel and striking. Every street was crowded with men, women and children; multitudes of soldiers were rushing from every quarter to the guard-house which is placed in the very middle of the Market place. At the same moment about forty drummers were roaring the tattoo, and the largest bell I have ever heard began to sound the ninth hour. The activity and bustle of the multitudes who paraded before our windows did not cease till eleven o'clock when we finished our dinner, the only meal of the day, and retired to our beds which we found in several cells belonging to the very room in which we fed. Though the fasting and the heat and the fatigue of the journey had prepared me for sleep—Yet such was the annoyance of the bugs that I have rested very little and have willingly resigned my bed to the conquering legions.

* * *

When I last wrote to you I was at Calais where my attention was distracted by a thousand novelties of sound and appearance. The town you well know is fortified and the walls of course form a circumference of two miles nearly. They furnish a walk of thirty feet in width and enable a spectator to take a bird's-eye view of every street in the town. In every direction of my sight I could see nothing but the promiscuous motion of soldiers upon their arms or amusing themselves with their different games . . . I see nothing of that meagreness or poverty which my prejudice as one of John Bull's calves taught me to expect in the soldiers. Their clothes are clean and whole, their persons are as tall and robust as those of Englishmen, and I am sure that they look too healthy for the victims either of famine or want. . . .

The houses in Calais are well built enough. I saw none of those gardens and stables and other luxuries which display the opulence of the middling people in England. . . . Amongst the whole we never saw one person who appeared to be either drunk or dissolute, what a different scene is displayed by the gin drinkers and whoremongers of Yarmouth and Norwich, where you cannot walk a hundred yards together without being insulted by the obscenity of the women or the drunkenness of men. We left Calais before five o'clock yesterday morning and as we departed from the town were met by numbers of your sex laden with heavy burthens for the market. Not one horse or pudding cart could I see, nor one appearance of that ease and indolence which distinguish the farmers and their ladies in England. . . . You will have an idea of the French Low Countries when I assure you that for eighty miles I was never without eight or nine villages in my view, interspersed with numberless cottages. Not a spot of land appeared otherwise than cultivated to the highest degree, we never travelled a hundred yards together without having several inhabitants in our view. I saw not one house in ruins or even empty. . . . Be it added that though each inch of ground was cultivated yet there was hardly any pasturage; corn beans and flax covered the whole ground.

PARIS, 9th July, 1789.

I FINISHED the letter I wrote to you from Lisle just as we were summoned to take our peregrination through the town. Our guide carried us to the Cathedral, to several of the large churches, to a convent and a monastery. The several objects I saw were so many varieties of slavery, mummery and folly. Soldiers sweating upon their arms. Priests smothered with the weight of their garments and the weight of their fat. Nuns visible only through iron gates and amongst the rest hundreds of boys and girls barred and bolted up between the dark walls of convents to receive what they call in this country their education. How can a spirit of independence or freedom ever warm a heart so early and so long accustomed to uninterrupted confinement and to the most unrelenting severity. . . .?

Tired with churches and the scenes they presented, we returned to our lodgings, where we stayed just long enough to dine. But as we departed from Lisle we took a new view of the streets and every object had now changed its appearance. The religious ceremonies of the day were over. All were dressed in their best habits. You might trace the direction of every individual's steps either to the Play House or to some other place of amusement, in short, the whole was dissipation and gaiety. As we passed through the villages we observed the influence of the same cheerful spirit. The peasants either danced or sang or paraded the roads in large bodies. If to enjoy is to be grateful, the devotion of the French is very great indeed. I must confess for my own part that I regarded their innocent mirth with feelings far more pleasant than those called forth by a troop of Methodists returning from an interview with the best of beings, with gloom on their brows and the rancour of bigotry in their hearts. I had rather break the Sabbath with the former than keep it with the latter. After passing over about twenty miles of a country crowded with inhabitants and rich with the most luxuriant fertility, we reached Douay, which is one of the French Universities and contains more students even than Oxford itself. Their colleges are an exact resemblance to our own. I visited one of them to whose president Mr. Rigby had brought some letters of recommendation. This, like every other place of education in Flanders, is a perfect prison. We were admitted after a dozen locks were opened. The Governors have endeavoured to make the confinement palatable by furnishing the students with various opportunities of amusement. In their gardens I observed two tennis grounds. . . .

The next day's journey was a long one indeed, we travelled ninety-one miles through populous villages, crowded towns and a country in which as yet we have discovered not one barren spot or cottage in ruins. Within ten miles of our journey's termination we stopped for a change of horses in a little town, the most beautiful you ever saw. It is situated on the banks of a river as large as the Thames at Richmond. Every house is neat and seems to be the residence of health and comfort. Above the town hangs a hill of some height covered with woods and windmills and at the brow of it commences the Prince of Condé's forest. We turned out of the great road and travelled through this immense track which is near forty miles in circumference and is wholly devoted to the insipid pleasures of one poor creature whose power enables him to keep out the prolific industry of the surrounding inhabitants. Through a continued vista of twelve miles and a half we hastened to Chantilly. . . . While my companions were in raptures with the shade the beauty and the variety of the woods through which they passed, I was employed in drawing the picture which the same ground would have afforded if, like the surrounding country, it were covered with corn-fields and villages. From the forest we entered into the Prince of Condé's park. We suddenly burst from the woods into a valley whose first appearance astonished and filled us with agreeable sensations. The sky was perfectly serene and clear. The sun was just setting. A large stream of water gushed from the side of the forest and by the hand of art was made to fall in a spreading cascade. At some distance from us we saw a dozen *jet d'eaus* spouting to a considerable height in the air. Behind these *jet d'eaus* the house appeared like one vast mass of fire owing to the reflection of the sun's beams from the countless windows. The banks of the stream were covered with different companies of the Prince's domestics, all superbly dressed. Numberless parties from the neighbouring town of Chantilly were basking themselves in the same situation. The feeling and expressions of my companions were those of enchantment and rapture. It was with eagerness that we waited the approach of the next morning, six hours of which were employed in seeing the various parts of this costly place. We were first led to a building far more splendid and capacious

than the palace itself. It was built for a stable or *écurie* and contains four hundred English hunters. It is the residence likewise of the Prince's hounds and the whole of it employs more expense than would people the whole surrounding forest with happy peasants. The endless variety and wretched taste of the grounds and gardens very soon fatigued our spirits. . . . In short, in the grounds I saw nothing but the mangling hands of art, stone walls, cropped hedges, imitations of nature without attending to circumstances, and a profusion of wealth without doing the least credit to the intellect of him who squanders it. The house is little different from all other great mansion houses. It is divided into rooms immensely large and dazzling with gold and the most glaring colours. . . . We saw a great deal and left unseen a great deal more. We left the inn and set off for Paris where we now are in health and safety. An account of what I have seen here and a long letter to my uncle I will send at the earliest opportunity.

The account given by George Morgan of the conditions in France at the beginning of the revolution is remarkable because it differs entirely from the idea that has been generally accepted. If conditions of poverty and starvation existed among the lower classes, they were not evident on the surface, at all events in the part of France through which the travellers had passed. On the contrary, Morgan described a country in which the townsfolk and peasantry were prosperous and happy. This is especially notable because his political opinions would be likely to make him prejudiced in favour of the opposite view.

The events described in Morgan's next letter, written the day after the dismissal of Necker and the day before the fall of the Bastile, come into a comparatively peaceful scene with the suddenness of a tropical thunderstorm.

PARIS, 13th July, 1789.
4 o'clock in the morning.

THE accounts which you may hear of this last night's tumults in Paris have induced me to be thus early in my assurance of our safety. The distress, confusion, the destroying madness of the scene I have just witnessed have actually equalled those of a town taken by storm. They have far exceeded any ideas I could have formed of insurrection in its violence and of popular rage in its extravagance. Yesterday noon our party returned from Versailles to Paris. We had left the Court in all apparent tranquillity. Nor was the event which has caused all the tumults even whispered in the neighbourhood of the Palace. We dined on our arrival in the Rue de St. Michel, and while we sat at table one of the company asked whether we had heard of Necker's flight. We had just arrived from Versailles so our positive assurances satisfied those who were present that the rumour was false. We agreed, however, to go to the theatre, which was open, and which would certainly give signs of the multitude's disposition. We had scarcely sat down in one of the boxes when a gentleman with the greatest distraction in his looks assured us that no play was to be performed, that Necker was by that time a hundred and sixty miles from Paris and that a most terrifying uproar prevailed in the city. At this moment the curtain was raised and the manager came forward. "Sirs," he said, "you are to have no play this evening." The reason why was immediately resounded from every quarter of the house. The manager answered that the *People* then at his door had commanded it. A burst of the most impetuous applause discovered to us the disposition of the assembly. We hastened to the doors and every countenance expressed rage or the most anxious apprehension. Our company hurried immediately towards the Palais Royal. But every street was almost blocked up with inhabitants, and neither the voice nor the walk of one individual was otherwise than rapid and impetuous. From several companies of the mob we heard the cry "*aux armes.*" When we reached the Palais we heard thousands of voices uttering the denunciations of vengeance at the same instant. No settled design

seemed to guide the populace. They collected themselves into innumerable parties and no two of the orators who harangued them seemed to speak the same language. In this boiling and unsettled state of commotion we had continued for some time when we saw a man enter in all the most distorted attitudes of imprecation and rage. "To arms," says he, "I have been wounded by the dragoons and they are at this moment firing upon your fellow citizens." Hundreds immediately echoed back, "To arms," and a vast portion of the multitude immediately followed their guide.

There were now very few individuals remaining in the quadrangle of the Palace, and my companions stood prophesying the horrors of the approaching night. When we saw the mob return led by a most desperate fellow, sweating and raving and swearing and holding up an empty helmet as a standard, none of the company chose to be near the scene of action. We therefore returned to the hotel to be able to see from the windows, and surveyed the increasing distraction and rage of the populace. Within the space of half an hour tranquillity was restored in our street but we heard distant shouts and saw new multitudes rushing down through every alley and street. As the scene of danger seemed to be removed, we ventured once more into the Palais Royal, and there learnt that the barriers of the town were all on fire, that the Swiss Guards had fired, and that fifty of the populace had fallen, but that the crowd could not be dispersed. We were now alarmed by a number of ladies and gentlemen mixed with several of the lower people who rushed towards us with shrieks and with all the terror of persons who saw danger immediately approaching. Our company partook of this hurry and terror of the crowd and once more we lodged ourselves safely in our citadel. It was now night and we could only hear the steps and shouts of those who passed to and fro; the sky was red with several fires. We could hear the sound of guns from a variety of quarters and we witnessed the cries of mothers and wives who stuck to their sons and husbands pressing them not to unite with the general rage. About ten o'clock the uniformity of the noise was interrupted by the violence of a party who assailed the doors of a gunsmith living in a room just under ours. The crash of the stones and stakes which populace drove against the doors set our whole hotel into an uproar. The women shrieked; some of the lodgers were immediately for flying, but they were strangers and could not tell us how they would direct their steps. At length the the populace forced their way in, but found no arms as another company had already seized upon the whole of the gunsmith's stock. They soon relieved us by retiring in great tranquillity. The whole night has been employed in surveying the mob as they pass and repass. Their multitude is immense, amongst them I have numbered some hundreds of the soldiery, all armed and the city is still in confusion and riot.

DIJON, 21st July, 1789.

THE commencement of the revolt at Paris interrupted that part of my correspondence which successively referred to the several scenes and places through which I passed. I stopped at Chantilly from whence I travelled to the capital with eyes widely open to observe the difference of approach compared with London, but instead of meeting with hundreds of stage coaches, buggys, phaetons, carts and gentlemen on horseback, with a large crowded footpath, you see the gates of Paris before you are sensible of its vicinity. Corn wagons loaded with peasants returning from market were the only vehicles I saw until I got within the barrier. Here a scene of confusion begins. Hackney coaches, carts and thousands of men and women and children are all blended together. It was the afternoon of a dry day and the dust buried all in a cloud. . . . We moved in heavy procession to the Palais Royal where we agreed for a most extravagant lodging, each paid for his bed two guineas a week. The unnecessary expense of a coach

amounts to as much and every other article was proportionately dear. The first night of our arrival we had hardly finished our tea when we hastened to the inner part of the Palais, where crowds of the Parisians meet every evening to talk politics, to drink coffee, or to sup. Imagine a large rectangle surrounded by a very fine building, intersected by cut walks refreshed by several pieces of water with *jets d'eaus* in the middle, crowded by men with powdered heads and with their hats under their arms, and thickly beset with ladies of all kinds. Adorned likewise by very rich shops formed like the best in London and here and there presenting to the eye companies of men and women sitting in the open air. . . .

I went to see Madame du Gazon who is the Mrs. Siddons of Paris, and I think she pants with equal success and popularity. But, poor woman, she was forced to sing her dying groans, and consequently all the softer sounds of her pantings and sobbings were lost, amidst the uproar of bassoons hautboys, etc. The play and its events were nothing more or less than the old story of Bluebeard and Sister Ann. I wished it over before it was half finished. Mr. Boddington slept. . . .

On Saturday we set off for Versailles. There indeed I was delighted, such a spectacle as gratified my fondest feelings appeared in the grand body of representatives assembled to establish liberty in one of the first nations upon earth. But this subject I have dwelt upon in one of my letters to my uncle. The Sunday morning I attended the crowd to the Gallery at Versailles. Like the rest of the company I stared at the king and thought him a little superior to our own. I stared at the queen and saw the true image of pride and lasciviousness. On our return we found Paris all in confusion and we saw the beginning of those great events which I have described very minutely in a letter to my uncle. By the civil commotions of the capital we were detained four days longer than expected. We made one attempt to quit the town and we had well nigh paid dearly for our attempt. The mob thought we wished to turn our backs on them in danger and when we had reached the gates they sent us back from sentinel to sentinel, amidst taunts, hissings, abuse and insults, to our own lodging where they searched every rag of our baggage and treated us in every way as if we had been spies. However, the politeness of some individuals amply made up for the severity of the multitude. On Sunday morning we procured a passport. Our baggage was again searched partially, but the king's entrance without his guards into Paris, the demolition of the Bastile and the restoration of peace and liberty to the noble Parisians amply repay our loss of time and the fatigue of our spirits.

LYONS, 24th July, 1789.

MY last letter was dated from Dijon whither we were conveyed from Paris after a journey of two days. The uninterrupted extent of cornfields which reached from French Flanders to Paris, we did not pass over till we found by the thick forest that we approached the King's Palace at Fontainebleu. . . . The king has not visited this Palace for several years ; both the neighbouring town therefore, and the royal building appear as if they would soon totter. We travelled over several miles of forest in which we saw no life but that of bushes and trees. But the returning appearance of villages and cheerful inhabitants soon assured us that we had escaped the desolated regions of the king's splendour and pleasures. We now entered the land of vineyards. . . . No barren rocks stared upon us, but every hill was mantled by a vineyard. Through a country formed to fix and gratify the eyes we passed to a little town called Joigny. This is an excellent termination to the views belonging to the Seine. It is well built and to the ornaments of a church and of several chateaux are added those of a large bridge and a river covered with boats and barges. In every village as we passed along we were stopped by the crowd agitated by enquiries about news from Paris. We waved our cockades; we briefly announced that the Bastile was

demolished, that the Governor's head was off and that the king without guards had thrown himself on the mercy of the free-people. We are generally dismissed with loud applause and with the cry "*Vive la nation, toujours le tiers état.*" But when we reached Joigny the carriage was fairly stopped by the inquisitive multitudes and their eagerness for some time alarmed me. At last to a polite and venerable old gentleman we delivered our intelligence who received it with joy and dispersed it amongst the surrounding crowd. . . . Within five miles of Dijon the night overtook us and while we were gazing at the brilliancy of the glow worms which studded the rocks we all fell asleep. Our slumbers, however, were soon interrupted by the shouts of a crowd and by the clatter of bayonets and guns. We were now at the gates of Dijon, and the citizens were in arms. They had followed the example of Paris and they stopped every carriage which entered the town. A guard attended us to our hotel who seemed inquisitive about news from the capital. We told them that all was tranquil. They shook their heads and said that they would take care to keep the noblesse quiet, for whom they assured us they meant to erect a Bastile at Dijon. At present it is a sad calamity in France to be a nobleman or one of his relations. They are fairly driven out of the towns and should any new disturbance arise I am apt to think they would lose something more than their titles. At Dijon, Rigby found a hospital to admire and he was the only person who left Dijon with any impressions which he would wish to retain. . . . I slept last night in a bed for the first time since I left Lisle. All but Rigby have been victims to the bugs in their turns. To avoid these legions of fury and blood I have generally lain upon the floor or a couch wrapped up in a blanket. We are now in the region of fleas. In our bedroom last night Olyett had scarcely stood five minutes before they formed a perfect half boot by their swarms that fixed on his legs. We expect to be still more annoyed as we go down the Rhone.

MARSEILLES, 29th July, 1789.

WHEN I last finished, or rather interrupted the thread of, my story, I halted at Dijon. Our road from this place had not continued a mile through vineyards and cornfields before a wide plain opened and displayed at its extremity a view of the Alps towering into the clouds and forming a vast amphitheatre of near two hundred miles diameter. They appeared black as night and rose into the heavens in all possible varieties of points and crags and precipices. We gazed on them in wonder for several leagues, and were at length roused from the silence of our admiration by the sound of the drum, and the familiar shouts of "*toujours le tiers état.*" A crowd with cockades and muskets stopped up the road. Our postilions cracked their whips and made an effort as in former times to force their way through the multitude with the accustomed defiance of all those who served the Grand Monarch. But the spirit of liberty was now in its full pride and in a moment our traces were cut and our carriage immovable and altogether at the mercy of the crowd. However, the commander rode up and expressed his concern for our embarrassment with great politeness and begged that we would pardon the little excesses of a people who had just thrown off their fetters. . . . The following night we lodged at Chalons, a dirty town replete with bugs and fleas and priests. However, this residence of vermin is on the Saone and a growing trade co-operating with the spirit of liberty will soon assimilate them to the advantages and beauties of the spot on which it is built. With the dawn of the following morning we set off for Lyons. . . . Within twelve miles of Lyons we began to discover the influence of its commercial powers. Instead of cottages we beheld rich chateaux. Plantations intruded in the vineyards and fantastic ornaments of different kinds diversified the sides of the mountains. . . . The noise of an English coach called forth the most curious collection of visages. At the doors below, crowds of the ugly, the ragged and the dirty individuals of your

sex greeted us with a stare, with a nod, with a smile or with a shout in favour of "*le tiers état.*" However, in the whole course of my life I never passed through such a concentration of stinks, garlic, rotten cabbages, fryes, roastings, inlets and outlets. A thousand sooty kitchens and ten thousand rank individuals poured forth at once all their poisons into our nostrils. When we crossed the Saone we entered the city itself and passed over a grand quay to our inn. We dined and hurried to have sight of the Rhone. I gazed at it with wonder. It has the perpetual flow of a very precipitate floodgate. The whole length of quay which stretches for two miles gave us a fine specimen of what we found to be alike wonderful for two hundred miles successively. . . . Next morning a very polite merchant attended us and we agreed for nine louis to take our passage down the Rhone.

Later letters describe the voyage down the Rhone, and through Nimes and Aix-en-Provence to Marseilles. The whole country was in a state of intense excitement. The travellers saw jail deliveries by riotous mobs, enrolments of irregular armies and heard of proscriptions of the "*noblesse.*" After leaving Marseilles they found the country peaceful and their journey homeward through Nice, Geneva, Switzerland and along the Rhine into Holland was uneventful. They sailed for Harwich on the 6th September.

Morgan made no more long journeys. He died in 1798 at the age of forty-four. He is said to have inhaled some poisonous gas, while making a chemical experiment in his laboratory, which brought on an illness which was fatal in a few days. The Reign of Terror disappointed his hopes of the evolution of a democratic government in France, but did not change his political views, which remained ultra-radical to the end of his life.

Short Story

THE ARTIST'S TURN

By R. K. NARAYAN

KRISHNA was walking down the Market Road, when he saw the proprietor of Kodanda Hall, Printers and Publishers, leaning out of his one-roomed shop and waving to him. "Salaam, salaam, my friend. I wanted to see you badly."

Krishna was rather surprised.

"I have a little business with you. Won't you come in?" He had a wooden bar, with a half door and an elbow rest across the entrance to the shop, which prevented his customers from coming into the shop. They had to stand in the street and shout their requirements.

Kodanda opened the half door. Krishna stooped through it into the shop, and sat on a stool.

"You see I met our friend, who works in the bank—"

"Who, Ramaswami?" asked Krishna.

"Yes, and he mentioned your name."

"What for?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing," said Kodanda, suddenly feeling that he must mention his business whatever it was, without appearing to be too particular.

"You know, I have been in this publishing business for thirty years now—" His publications consisted of exercise note books, copy books, pocket books, and he had his name printed on pencils made in Bavaria.

"You see I have purchased a small printing machine, and I want to develop my business. I want to bring out some school books, and some good people are writing the books for me, suitable for lower forms."

"But how will you sell your books?"

"Oh, they will be made text-books. I have seen one or two important persons and they have promised their support. You know recently the Government made me a member of the School Board; and I'm already a municipal councillor. I want to serve the public in my own humble way, wherever it is possible. God of Thirupathi has given me a business which maintains itself; and he has not denied me ordinary health. And would it not be selfish if I sat back and did nothing for the public? Would God approve of it? This is the question I am always asking myself."

"Quite properly, too," said Krishna, feeling that he had allowed the other too long a just like to try."

"My first book is a small one of stories of *Tenali Rama*, and I want to know if you will make an illustration for its cover."

Krishna started on hearing this. He almost lurched forward in his excitement as he asked: "Are you saying you want me to . . . to . . . sketch for you?"

Kodanda became wary once more and did not want to betray too much interest. "No, no. I was only consulting you. Of course, I know dozens of artists. I thought you might just like to try."

"Certainly, certainly. Don't worry. I will do my best for you." Kodanda gripped his arm in gratitude. "I had only one doubt. I felt you might be too busy."

"I can never be too busy to do a good turn to a friend," said the artist and then had a sudden stab of doubt: suppose this man understood him to mean that he expected no payment? He hastened to add: "As I said, I am always ready to be of use to a friend and I don't charge friends the same rate as I charge others." The "others" existed only in his imagination. He had few occasions to do any work and fewer to present bills.

"Don't I know it!" exclaimed the publisher. "I would willingly pay you the highest price possible, but let my business prosper a little. I have the greatest regard for artists, but God must give me some more money. Now I don't want to extract free work. I will pay what I can. But whatever it is, you must accept it not as a payment for work, but as a token of my regard."

Krishna walked out of the shop with his head in cloud land. The publisher commissioned him to sketch the great clown

Tenali Rama and his cat for the book cover. The king had presented a number of persons in his court with cats and announced a prize to the owner of the best-fed cat. *Tenali Rama* kept his cat starved for some days and then placed before it a pan of boiling milk; the cat attempted to drink it and would never go near milk again. *Tenali Rama* demonstrated it before the king who thought that the cat was so well fed that it hated the sight of milk. Krishna had to draw this scene. He conjured up every detail of the picture as he walked home. He came back with a thud to earth as he remembered that he had no Indian Ink at home, nor drawing nib, nor paper. And he hadn't an anna on him.

He went to the bank, called up his friend Ramaswami through the counter, explained his position, and borrowed a rupee.

He sat hunched up till after midnight and finished the picture at about one o'clock. He held it away from himself, and surveyed it by the oil lamp, with great satisfaction. Every line of the picture conveyed the utterly crazy and irresponsible atmosphere of the well-known story. The lank, crafty, *Tenali Rama*, every inch proclaiming him a clown, the famished cat, blinking helplessly; the gullible king and the court people. Krishna hoped that the publisher would pay him at least ten rupees. He would return the borrowed rupee, and find postage to send out some of his cartoons. And who could say? This might be the beginning of his career. He went to bed and slept fitfully. He had worked for seven hours continuously and he could not sleep.

Next morning he went to the publisher, crawled under the bar, and placed the picture before him. The publisher rubbed his hands gleefully at having the picture ready so soon. "You must give me time till the evening to study the picture. I must study it carefully."

Krishna counted the hours wearily till the evening and returned.

"How do you like the picture?" The other looked sad at having to answer the question. And when pressed he gave his verdict: "You have made *Tenali Rama* too thin; he must look more healthy. I don't know . . . but the figures are rather unsightly; they aren't like photographs."

"They are caricatures," wailed the artist. "It is a very difficult and valuable art." He explained for a while the greatness of caricature and mentioned David Low and his importance. All of which had no effect on Kodanda who maintained, "A picture must be something sightly. You must not draw ugly figures of people."

"You want the picture re-drawn?" Krishna asked watching the double chin and fat cheeks of the other.

"Please, I shall be grateful if you will do it. I want a good picture for the book."

The artist carried the picture home, destroyed it, and sketched another with all the figures idealized: a handsome *Tenali Rama*, a handsome king, and a puffed up cat. He took the picture to the publisher next day, who did not give his verdict till the evening: "I am not quite unsatisfied this time, but can't you improve the cat? You see the cat is the most important thing in the story. Can you make it face us? The other things seem to be all right though I wish you could improve *Tenali Rama* too."

The artist worked on the picture that night; with a razor blade he was able to scratch out the cat's head and turn it; he touched up *Tenali Rama* and made him even more handsome. Once again the publisher objected: "You see you have made *Tenali Rama's* tuft too pointed and the servant behind the king does not look quite well. Can't you remedy these?"

"Certainly," replied the artist, studying double chin, fat cheeks, and the paunch, of the other. "I will draw an entirely new picture and bring it to-morrow."

"You are so good," cried the publisher wringing his hands.

Krishna tore up the picture, sat through the whole day and finished the sketch. He idealized the king, the courtiers and the servants still more. Never were more handsome and proportionate men seen. He drew a most realistic Persian cat, and a rotund clown with a double chin, fat cheeks, and a paunch. He told Kodanda before giving him the picture: "Here is the picture, and you must not press me to accept money for it. I will let you have it only on that condition.

I have done it purely for the love of the work, and not at all for money."

"I am sure the picture is extremely good," said Kodanda. He saw the picture and uttered little cries of joy. "It is very good. You won't accept payment? . . . Of course I can't compel you. How good you are! What a lot of trouble you take for my sake?"

"No trouble whatever. It is a pleasure to be of use to a friend."

Kodanda said looking at the picture: "I like the figure of *Tenali Rama* very much. It is perfect. I feel I have seen the face somewhere. Where have I seen it?"

"Lots of people are like him," said the artist. "So you will use the picture?"

"I am sending it at once to the block-makers. They are charging me six rupees for a block of this size. Six rupees! Not a small sum, but the work is urgent. I want to have the cover and a few specimen pages ready almost immediately. I have to show them to some important people next Friday."

"You will have the block ready by then?"

"Of course. Otherwise I won't pay the beggars their money."

Krishna drafted a letter and posted it to reach the publisher on Friday: "I hope the block arrived in time. I am sure at this very moment, you have a neat bundle of specimen copies under your arm, with the cover printed, and you are starting out to meet the important people. I remember you said that you had seen *Tenali Rama's* face somewhere. I am writing to say that it was in a mirror. If you want to, take a mirror and compare the two. How do you like your new rôle? Tell me if the important people find out the resemblance. If you don't like the rôle you can destroy the block; but then you will be destroying six rupees, and won't be able to show your important people the specimen cover. I hope this finds you in sound health."

LITERATURE AND CRITICISM

Edited by HUGH KINGSMILL

PARADISE TO CRACK-UP

THE Grey Walls Press is in process of bringing out a collected edition of that most interesting American writer, Scott Fitzgerald. The two volumes so far published—*This Side of Paradise* and *Tender is the Night** are neither of them particularly satisfying novels, but they prepare the way for *The Great Gatsby* a truly remarkable book.

This Side of Paradise is an American version of *Sinister Street.* Though heavily romanticized, it conveys a picture of Fitzgerald's own adolescence and years at Princeton. It was an instantaneous success, and brought him wealth and fame, which he liked to think afterwards proved his undoing. Actually, he would probably have been undone anyway. His narcissistic, introspective temperament was almost bound in the end to overcloud, and at last destroy, his exceptional talent.

He was wholly caught up in the frenzy of the Twenties, and afterwards succumbed to "the wave of despair that swept the nation when the Boom was over."

Describing, in retrospect, his early success, and the vista it opened before him, he wrote:

> "The uncertainties of 1919 were over—there seemed little doubt about what was going to happen—America was going on the greatest, gaudiest spree in history and there was going to be plenty to tell about it. The whole golden boom was in the air—its splendid generosities, its outrageous corruptions and the tortuous death struggle of the old America in prohibition. All the stories that came into my head had a touch of disaster in them—the lovely young creatures in my novels went to ruin, the diamond mountains of my short stories blew up, my millionaires were as beautiful and damned as Thomas Hardy's peasants."

Hollywood, the South of France, restaurants and bathing beaches and speakeasies, provided the framework of his life, magazine writing its sustenance, and alcohol its momentum.

In *The Great Gatsby* he achieved complete self-expression. For a moment he was able to objectify his impressions of life, and therefore to record them. It is the story of a man—Gatsby—who succeeded in being enormously rich, and who lived on Long Island and gave lavish parties with the sole object of making himself acceptable to a very second-rate woman who was his social superior, and whom he had been prevented from marrying for that reason. In a sense, of course, even Gatsby is, or at any rate becomes before the end of the book, Fitzgerald. But the suffocating atmosphere of introspection is absent, and Gatsby is a touching, even

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* *This Side of Paradise, Tender is the Night* by F. Scott Fitzgerald. *Grey Walls Press*, 8s. 6d.

a magnificent, figure in his whole-hearted devotion to a single, if unworthy, purpose.

Gatsby, indeed, is the very symbol of the world into which Fitzgerald was drawn as the result of his initial success with *This Side of Paradise*. Its mystique was money, with an undercurrent of fear that money's splendour must soon fade, and that its strength would prove illusory—as indeed, it did in the great depression in 1929, which, along with much else, brought down Fitzgerald. Money was the splendour and the glory of human life. Without it Gatsby was nothing, with it he was great. It was the everlasting pursuit, the measure of success, the source of all self-confidence, the bulwark against fear, the corrective for all social and other inadequacies. Gatsby got what he wanted, but in getting it destroyed himself. Even death, in Fitzgerald's eyes, had to have the accoutrements of wealth—the huge motor car, wrecked on the shining highway, the human wreckage scarcely to be distinguished from the rest. This expensive image of death haunted him always.

In *In the Crack-up* he describes his own collapse, and reveals the power longings, the leadership longings, Hitler-like in their vulgarity and intensity, for which his literary success was only at best a partial substitute:

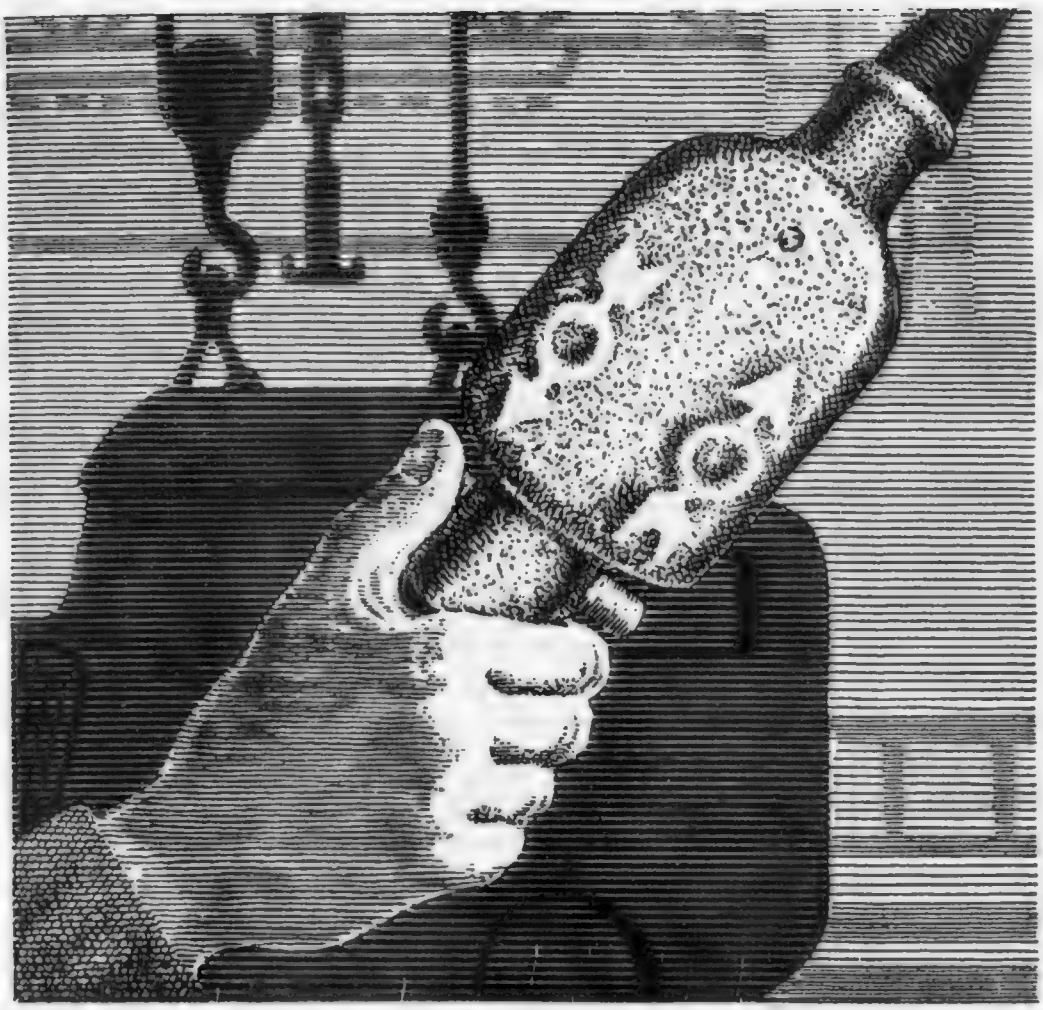
"It seemed a romantic business to be a successful literary man—you were not ever going to be as famous as a movie star but what note you had was probably longer-lived—you were never going to have the power of a man of strong political or religious convictions but you were certainly more independent. . . ."

"As the Twenties passed," he goes on, "with my own Twenties marching a little ahead of them, my two juvenile regrets—at not being big enough (or good enough) to play football in college, and at not getting overseas during the war—resolved themselves into childish waking dreams of imaginary heroism that were good enough to go to sleep on in restless nights. . . ."

Again: ". . . It occurred to me simultaneously that of all natural forces, vitality is the incommunicable one. In days when juice came into one as an article without duty, one tried to distribute it—but always without success; to further mix metaphors, vitality never 'takes.' You have it or you haven't it, like health or brown eyes or honour or a baritone voice. I might have asked some of it from her, but I could never have got it—not if I'd waited around for a thousand hours with the tin cup of self-pity. I could walk from her door, holding myself very carefully like cracked crockery, and go away into the world of bitterness, where I was making a home with such materials as are found there."

It is really a very typical story. It is America, it is the Twenties, it is a civilization in its last stages of decomposition, in which, lacking all other pattern, the imaginative individual tries to live within the shape of his ego, and of course fails. The greatness of Gatsby is, after all, very shadowy and unsubstantial, even compared with other great ones. He is the last dying flicker of greatness. He is the Great Mogul sitting on a golden throne, but with no kingdom. The feeling of the crack-up, as Fitzgerald described it, was:

"an over-extension of the flank, a burning of the candle at both ends; a call upon



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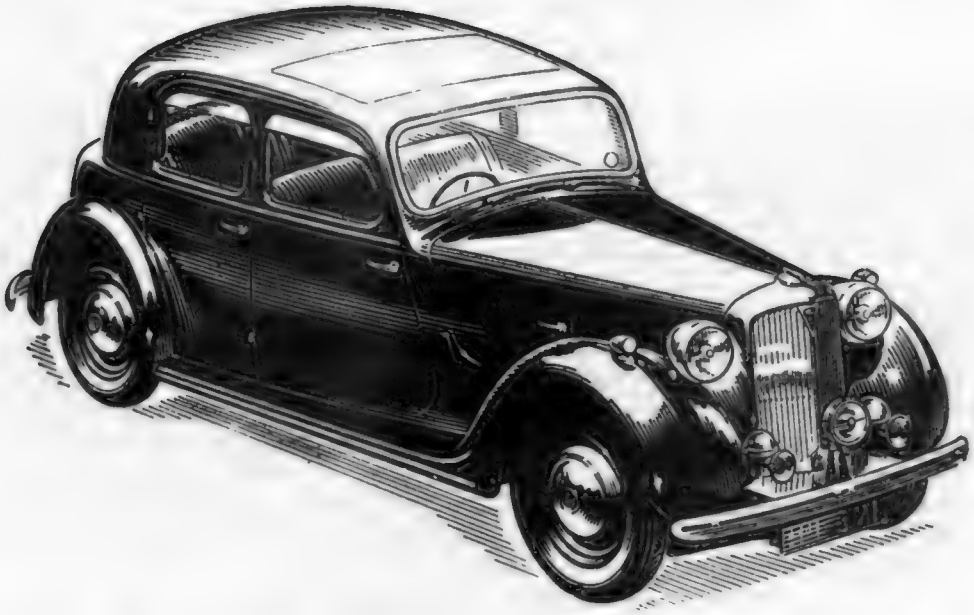
physical resources that I did not command, like a man over-drawing at his bank. In its impact this blow was more violent than the other two but it was the same in mind—a feeling that I was standing at twilight on a deserted range, with an empty rifle in my hands and the targets down. No problem set—simply a silence with only the sound of my own breathing . . . the feeling that someone, I'm not sure who, is sound asleep—someone who could have helped me to keep my shop open. It wasn't Lenin, and it wasn't God."

There is very little thought in Fitzgerald. He says himself that he had "done very little thinking. . . . For twenty years a certain man had been my intellectual conscience. That was Edmund Wilson." It can scarcely be regarded as a particularly happy choice. The emotions he portrays are rather common, as in a Noel Coward play, and his characters are rather common, too. There is a general commonness about the whole set-up—like a dance hall with a wheezing orchestra and subdued lights which spare the tawdriness of the dancers and the decor. As the night proceeds everyone gets tireder and tireder, until, at last, it is over—only litter in the grey morning light, and perhaps a drunk or two quietly sleeping.

It is flattering to everyone's self-esteem to suppose that circumstances can prevent the fulfilment of promise, and that what we have achieved, and what we are, would have been vastly more impressive in other times and with other terms of reference. Phrases like "the lost generation" make an immediate and universal appeal because they provide so perfect an alibi; in the comfortable shade of an atomic bomb the weary may rest and the faint-hearted find shelter. Perhaps the worst by-product of war, worse than the killing and the destruction, is the vast wash of self-pity it generates—"I've never had a chance, governor; honest, I haven't." On this wave, *This Side of Paradise* was carried to instantaneous success. It proclaimed the blessed tidings that Prometheus, now unbound, could undertake the vultures' work and eat his own vitals, deriving exquisite nourishment therefrom; except a generation be lost, it cannot find itself—and then to the wheezing of trombones, rolling along the broad highway, seeing through an alcoholic mist darkly, but later face to face, though with what unspecified—in Fitzgerald's case, himself, turned over and over like used cheques returned along with a bank statement; turned over with the vague feeling that though they have all been drawn they still should have some value; in any case, were all duly met in their day.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE.



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PROUST'S ESSAYS

MARCEL PROUST. A Selection from his miscellaneous Writings chosen and translated by Gerard Hopkins. *Allen Wingate.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

BY CHRISTOPHER SYKES

THE shorter pieces of one-book men are not much noticed; they are abandoned beauties perennially in need of knights to save them from dragons of oblivion. Everyone with pretensions to culture has read "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu", or some of it; but just as they have read Boswell's "Life of Johnson" and neglected his other papers, some of which are almost as interesting, so they have not bothered overmuch with *Pastiches et Melanges* or with *Chroniques.* Though the reading of these miscellaneous writings adds little to our knowledge of Proust, yet it does add something, and most of them are profoundly interesting in themselves. Mr. Hopkins does well to rescue them once more.

In his introduction to his truly excellent translations, he asserts that his object in making this selection has been to re-establish Proust's romantic character, because critics have obscured it through seeing in him only the analyst, the interpreter, and the social chronicler. Before reading this I was not aware that such a view (which indeed needs swift correction), had become common. The essentially romantic method and intention of Proust's work was fully emphasized by his earlier English-speaking critics, by Mr. Desmond MacCarthy in the fine essay in his "Criticism", and by Mr. Edmund Wilson in "Axel's Castle", to name only two, and indeed the romanticism of the man who could write of a church bell which "rings out for all the town the sleepless hours of dying men and lovers", or who could, whenever it suited him, surrender to snobbism, that tell-tale weakness of the romantic temperament, could only be missed by an extremely prejudiced or inattentive reader. Only shallow criticism could have lost sight of a fact so abundantly surrounded by evidence.

The most interesting things in this interesting collection are Proust's reflections on Ruskin which occupy a little less than half the book; they are in two essays, "Days of Pilgrimage" and "John Ruskin", and in digressions which appear in essays on other matters. Here, we find Proust at his greatest best, using his tremendous powers of perception on a subject which offers him a challenge of the dimensions his genius required. In other of these essays we see him at his worst, teasing us by making mountains out of some very uninviting molehills, and nagging us as only he could do in certain of his many egotistic moods. In unexpected places we come on treasure. There is a paragraph on time in "Easter Holidays" which, though slight, is important, as it may help critics who have not read it before to decide the all-important question of the theory behind Proust's strange treatment of time in the construction of his novel. It surprised me to learn that Proust was an admirer of Barrie. He had a marvellous understanding of English letters and this preference strengthens a reluctant and secret conviction of mine, (which I now make public), that one day, quite soon, Barrie's whimsicality will cease to nauseate us and he will be considered a deeply interested writer.

Where does Proust stand to-day? I think his reputation is suffering from the reaction against the idolatrous homage paid to him twenty years ago. He was so overpraised then that now we pay too much attention to his faults. Nevertheless, he cannot go into eclipse, even for a short while. Desmond MacCarthy's words about book-minded people and Proust are, I think, still true to-day: "we read on and on" he says, "groaning under the strain and yet constantly excited and charmed." It is interesting to note how often in these essays, and how reverently, Proust mentions Wagner. In the "Hermitage of Symbolism" Dr. C. M. Bowra indicated the immense influence of Wagner on the Symbolists, an indication which had been made before but not, so far as I know, with such precision. Undoubtedly that influence had much to do with Proust's thematic structures, his fullness and length, his leaving so little to the reader's imagination, his colossal and sometimes hideous self-assertion, (none the more bearable because indirect). He had many of the faults of that other giant, but quite as much strength too, so that, in the end, in spite of our protests and complaints at the odious inconvenience to which we are put by him, we get down on our knees once more, and worship.

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Novels

THE JACARANDA TREE. H. E. Bates. *Michael Joseph.* 9*s.* 6*d. Book Society Choice.*

THERE WERE THREE MEN. Helen Beauclerk. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

NOT AT HOME. Doris Langley-Moore. *Cassell.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

THE RETURN OF FURSEY. Mervyn Wall. *Pilot Press.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

THE Jacaranda Tree is a perfect example of the later Bates manner. It is a dramatic story, supremely well told, of the flight of a handful of people from Burma to India before the threat of the oncoming Japanese. Thousands of people perished in that panic-stricken exodus through the fever-infested jungle and across the vulture-haunted plain; years later our returning armies found the wrecked abandoned cars and piles of bones. The fate of the mixed party of Europeans and Burmese who are the characters of this novel is in the balance all the time, and if there is nothing in the book with the force of the central incident of *The Purple Plain*, there is constant tension and skilful unravelling of human behaviour under stress. The author has mastered the art of telling a whole life story in revelatory flashes. The flabby middle-aged woman, a figure of fun in the European colony, is reintegrated; the little Eurasian nurse conquers the uncertainties of her mixed blood and rises to heroism, the selfish charmer perishes miserably, the English girl who has been a victim of Burma all her life, dies there in the end. The chief character, a man named Paterson who organizes the escape, has outraged British susceptibilities by insisting that his Burmese mistress and her brother, his boy, should accompany them and there is a faint odour of inverted snobbery in the author's persistent fondling of the Burmese, who nevertheless remain pretty pictures. Paterson himself does not have the weight and clarity which his central position requires. But this is a novel which can be read with pleasure by everyone, by the ordinary reader for its dramatic story and brilliant rendering of the scene, by the critic in admiration of the writer's perfect literary equipment.

Nothing is meaner than the disparagement of a writer who, after years of good work poorly recompensed, achieves popular success. The assumption that a book read with pleasure by 50,000 people is *ipso facto* inferior to the one which a select 1,200 rave about

also has its pitfalls. It remains true, however, that a man who writes for his living over a course of years has either to repeat himself or to extend his inquiry into fields of experience which impair the integrity of his talent. In the process of becoming a popular novelist Bates has been driven from the field of imaginative analysis, where his poetic vision and supple prose served him best, to the field of action where it seems less intense and even sometimes perfunctory. This book is brilliantly written, it has the classic ingredients of heroism and human weakness in tension, yet somehow it is not moving: I feel that the fusion of the writer with the experience is incomplete.

A SIMILAR impression, due to different causes and much more easily analysed, assails the reader of *There were Three Men*, a very detailed and intelligent reconstruction of the life of a group of people during the first thirty odd years of this century. It would be unfair to call this a "cavalcade" novel although it makes liberal use of a good deal of period furniture, including that most fatiguing of all things, the intellectual backchat of twenty years ago. It is a study of personalities, of the effect of character on fortune and particularly of the havoc wrought by sexual passion. The three men are Paul Hanwell, a poor young man with his way to make, who is seduced by every distraction his world has to offer; Dr. Loggett, the ubiquitous spectator of life and Horace Ashcot, a natural victim; three key types of our own and perhaps of every other time. Miss Beauclerk's analysis is acute but her style is heavy and the book is too cluttered with detail. There is ample drama but it is not effectively presented; it is the artist's job to clear up the muddle of real life.

THE great charm of Doris Langley-Moore's *Not at Home* is its description of the perfect house. If your mouth waters at a catalogue of delicate flower pieces, Bristol glass, old books in rare bindings, Victorian silks and Regency furniture, this is your book. It is a comedy of manners centring round the agonies experienced by a maiden aunt who lets half her house to a pretentious slut who breaks china and plants Tottenham Court Road vulgarities among the exquisite *objets d'art*. In my view this is ground for homicide but Mrs. Langley-Moore produces a neat and immoral plot

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between the maiden aunt and her graceless nephew's *demi-vierge* friend to drive out the intruder. It is a nice feminine catty book, a bit slow but with a lot of good character drawing beneath a conventional surface.

THOSE who made the acquaintance of *The Unfortunate Fursey* will be anxious to follow his fortunes in Mr. Mervyn Wall's second book. Here Fursey is precariously resting at the Court of King Ethelwulf of Mercia when a delegation arrives from Ireland demanding his extradition on the grounds of wife snatching and sorcery. His companion Maeve, by now disillusioned about Fursey's glamour, returns with her husband Magnus and Fursey decides to turn sorcerer in earnest to recover her. Mr. Mervyn Wall has a nice wit and Fursey is one of the most endearing characters in modern fiction. I liked the Vikings and Satan is in the best ironic manner. But the adventures in this book have not quite the careless rapture of the first, the invention shows signs of wear and the pseudo-Kells illustrations do not help. Regretfully I now feel that Mr. Wall must leave Fursey and turn that malicious eye of his full focus on the contemporary scene. RUBY MILLAR.

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Short Notices

THE BALKANS

TRUCE IN THE BALKANS. By Elisabeth Barker. *Percival Marshall.* 10*s.* 6*d. net.*

DURING the years 1945-46 Miss Elisabeth Barker was Reuter's correspondent in the Balkans, and, apparently, acquainted with more than one of its several languages, she was well placed to contact its peoples. Of them she writes that on the whole they have "mixed and muddled feelings about ourselves", and indirectly she suggests that our feelings towards them are ditto. Hence those who belong to this category may with profit read her book. Its title is apposite; for ever since the days of Justinian II, when the Balkans began to take form out of Slavonic and Byzantine chaos, they have known only war and truce. Peace is an unknown condition, hence, as in present day China, the growing power of Communism, which through absolute repression establishes at least internal stability, and in a peasant country this is far more desirable than freedom. What Balkan politics would seem to boil down to is this: Before arranging a meeting with the leaders of the Opposition, you slip a gun into one pocket and a packet of arsenic into the other. If at the meeting your opponents are hostile, should Mr. Vishinski agree, you shoot them; should they, however, be amicable, you ask them to dinner, and, again, should Mr. Vishinski agree, you empty the packet into their soup. Next, when the elections come off, should the total seats be 451, earmarking 414 for the Communists, you allot 37 to the Opposition. Finally, you sing a pæan to democracy. In all these backward countries Communism wins because its feeling are in no way mixed and muddled.

J. F. C. FULLER.

HERALDRY

INTELLIGIBLE HERALDRY. By Sir Christopher Lynch-Robinson and Adrian Lynch-Robinson. With a foreword by Edward MacLysaght, Chief Herald of Ireland. Illustrated. *Macdonald.* 18*s.*

THIS excellent book sets out the art and science of heraldry in a way that can be understood. It is written by two Irishmen and the examples are largely taken from

Irish heraldry. The Chief Herald of Ireland writes a foreword and points out that there is nothing hostile to the study of heraldry in a republic: that Venice of the Doges regarded it highly and that Switzerland "may safely be described as, to this day, the most heraldically minded country in the world". A word on this subject might also have been spared for the United States, where an attraction for heraldry and genealogy is very keen; and it is to be noted that the College of Arms in this country has the power to make honorary grants to citizens of the United States. It would be interesting to know whether Colonel McCormick, and and other American Anglophobes, know this; and, if not, whether a grant of arms might not be the answer.

Russia is another country that would no doubt take kindly to heraldry, if it were presented in the right way, although Russian coats of arms, before the Revolution, tended to be, heraldically speaking, of a somewhat barbarous order. The point that *Intelligible Heraldry* brings out is that the heraldic method is no more than an historical, and extraordinarily well-thought-out system of symbols which are just as necessary from an administrative point of view to-day as they were when they were invented. If their proper rules are observed, they supply a good historical link and are also artistically well presented.

The authors refer to the heraldry of the last two wars (divisional signs, etc.), which would have been improved from every point of view if the normal heraldic methods of design had been followed. Every conceivable heraldic rule was broken by them, compared with which it seems now almost a small matter that one, John Codrington, as a reward for gallantry after the battle of Agincourt, was allowed to change his fess gules to a fess embattled-counter-embattled sable, fretty gules, thereby breaking the rule of tincture.

A. P. M.

CORNISH PASTY

UP FROM THE LIZARD. By J. C. Trewin. Illustrated. *Carroll and Nicholson Ltd.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

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in his preface: "I have allowed one subject to suggest and merge into another at Mnemosyne's often capricious bidding". Capricious indeed are the early chapters, but by some alchemy all his own he blends confusion thrice confounded into a unified picture of then and now at the Lizard.

We breathlessly disregard unities of time and place and style in theatre memories and opinions, as spangled with Shakespearean quotations as dressing room chatter and as entertaining. We trust that Mr. Trewin himself submits as willingly to disarmament, over a play.

In other moods he writes with terse phrase and a nice avoidance of the well-worn coin of journalistic cliché: "Here are Kings at Arms, Heralds, Pursuivants, figures from Froissart, on the balcony of St. James's Palace—damascened in gold and silver, inlaid with cerise and saffron and fiery scarlet . . . here Jellicoe's funeral at St. Paul's on a pale morning, spectral like the ghost of a day that has drifted south from the mists of Orkney."

There is merry doggerel (his epithet) and also some pleasing verse; cadences such as "Where lilies glimmered and the aspen grew", fall on ear and eye with easy grace.

After so much pleasure in the eating, would it be post-prandial indigestion which suggests that while the mixture stimulates and entertains, a little longer in the baking would improve the pastry?

JOHN V. TREVOR.

PART-TIME PAINTING

PAINTING AS A PASTIME. By The Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill, O.M., C.H., M.P. *Odhams Press Ltd. and Ernest Benn Ltd.* 10*s.* 6*d.* (Now out of print. A reprint is in preparation and will be issued about March, 1949.)

MEN of action—and few would deny that description to Mr. Churchill—have often found solace and recreation in some creative hobby. In this reprint of an essay, first published in 1932, Mr. Churchill tells how in a dark and dispiriting moment of his life he turned to painting. It is a characteristically forceful and persuasive piece of prose which should encourage many whose lives have been filled with activities remote from art to try their hand at covering a canvas with colour.

The eighteen colour plates in this book bear witness to his eager striving and progress as a part-time painter. His pictures have found "the line" at Burlington House and he is now an honorary Academician.

Whether it is desirable that the already congested ranks of amateur painters should be greatly increased is a matter which will primarily concern the Selecting Jury at The Royal Academy. This august and painstaking body has already to inspect acres of troubled canvas in its search for an annual exhibition of British Art.

The professional painter has much to contend with in his struggle to exhibit and, perchance, to sell. Wall space in galleries and in homes is limited. Nevertheless it is well that more people should learn what blood and sweat go into the painting of a picture. They may thereby be readier to appreciate the full-time painter's problems and, what is more to the point, occasionally to invest a few pounds in his productions.

SYDNEY J. MAIDEN.

THE BRONTËS *and* JANE AUSTEN

THE CLUE TO THE BRONTËS. By Elsie Harrison. *Methuen.* 14*s.*

JANE AUSTEN: FACTS AND PROBLEMS. By R. W. Chapman. *Oxford University Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

MRS. HARRISON, by putting Patrick Brontë in the foreground and emphasizing his close connection with the older Methodist tradition, has made a most interesting and convincing explanation of many problems which have bothered Brontë lovers. Haworth was a Methodist shrine and the children in its parsonage were reared on stories of the great days of Wesley and his immediate successors; their novels and poems are full of echoes of Methodist hymns and phraseology. She also establishes the enormous importance of the death of Maria to the surviving children to whom the memory of her saintly end was more attractive than the memory of her saintly life. The passion that Charlotte brought into the

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J. B. PICK

Printed by The Thanet Press, Union Crescent, Margate, Kent
for Eyre & Spottiswoode (Publishers) Ltd., 15, Bedford Street, London, W.C.2